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THE estate of the late Paul Morphy, the celebrated chess-player, was sold at New Orleans, recently. It embraced pieces of real estate and some personal property, notably a number of trophies and testimonials to his great prowess in chess. Among them were a crown of silver designed in the foliage of the laurel, typical of victory, presented to Morphy in 1859 by the Union Chess Club, of New York, and a solid silver service, consisting of a pitcher, four goblets, and a large salver, won by Morphy in the international chess tourney which took place in New York in 1857. On the salver is an engraving representing Morphy in the act of winning the decisive game of the tourney from Paulsen. Each piece bears the monogram "P. M." The center of attraction was the rich and elaborate chess-board of alternate squares of pearl and ebony, and elegantly wrought men of solid gold and silver. The designs of these pieces are intended to express the opposing forces of civilization and barbarism. The gold men represent civilization and the silver men barbarism, and the hand of the artist wrought each piece to represent some phase and characteristic of the age portrayed. The chess-board and the chessmen were presented to Morphy at New York after his return from his triumphant tour through Europe. The work was done by Tiffany, the chessmen costing $1,500 and the board $200. The presentation was made by the Hon. John Van Buren. On the same occasion Morphy was also presented with a fine gold watch with colored chess figures in place of the Roman numbers to mark the hours. When Morphy felt the pinch of poverty he sent the watch to Paris to be pawned. It has never been redeemed. The sale, which was had at Arcade Exchange, attracted much attention. The chessmen were sold first, the opening bid being $1,000, which was quickly advanced to $1,100, then to $1,200, and on up to $1,500, where the bidding halted for a moment. This was advanced to $1,550, and, not being increased, the set was knocked down to Mr. Walter Denegre, who, it was said, was acting for the New York and Brooklyn Chess Club. The silver laurel crown began at $100 and advanced quickly to $225. Mr. Samory, a retired merchant, added $25 more, and secured the crown for $250. The sale of the silver service was opened with a $250 bid and went up to $400, and was knocked down to Mr. Samory also.

THE cottage at Bar Harbor which is occupied by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt and George Vanderbilt, her youngest son, is delightfully situated. It is surrounded by fine fir trees, while a lovely lawn slopes down to the ocean. The Atlantic breezes keep it cool at all hours, and it is free from the flies and mosquitoes which annoy the cottagers on the Frenchman's bay, or land side of the town. Picturesque views are obtained from the cottage of the harbor and adjacent islands, and fishing schooners passing in and out. The cottage is in the style of the old German farm-house, and is fitted up with quaint old furniture which Miss Bowler, the owner, has picked up in her travels in Europe. George Vanderbilt is spoken of by a Maine newspaper as a "scholarly, gentlemanly fellow, inheriting many of the gentle, unassuming ways of his mother."

A correspondent proposes the question to a Southern paper: "Whom shall girls marry?" The editor has been wrestling with it for some months, but has never thought of a nice young man with a fat bank account and no evil habits as being competent to fill the bill.

There are various methods of amusement in different parts of the world among different people. For instance, one of the pastimes among the convicts in the Georgia prison camps that affords amusement to the "trustys" is for one of them to take a three or four mile run early in the morning to keep the bloodhounds in training. The trusty is always perfectly willing to make the race if paid for his trouble by the bosses. The only danger connected with it, says the Georgia paper from which the item is taken, is that some thoughtless person might take a shot at the running negro, thinking that he was making his escape from the camp.

Some one with a turn for statistics has discovered that in France one half the population live upon agriculture, one-quarter live by various manufacturing industries, one-tenth by commerce, four-hundredths by the liberal professions, and six-hundredths are rentiers of various kinds. There are 9,176,000 agriculturists who are proprietors of the land they work. In the mines, quarries and more important manufactories there are employed 1,130,000 persons, while the lesser industries employ 6,093,000. There are 789,000 bankers, brokers and wholesale merchants, 1,895,000 retail dealers and 1,164,000 hotel-keepers. The government and commercial employees number 806,000 persons.

Friedrich Siemens, of Dresden, has succeeded in casting glass in the same ways as metal is cast and obtaining an article corresponding to cast metal. This cast glass is hard, not dearer in production than cast iron, and has the advantage of transparency, so that all flaws can be detected before it is applied to practical use. It will be much less exposed to injury from atmospheric influences than iron. The process of production is not difficult; the chief feature being rapid cooling. The hardness and resisting power of this cast glass are so great that experiments are now in progress at the Siemens glass foundry at Dresden with the purpose of ascertaining whether the material could be employed for rails on railways.

A New York correspondent details interestingly an operation performed upon one Jerry Larkin who had been the victim of a gas explosion. His body was so badly burned that his life was despaired of, but with infinite care every burn was healed and a thin film of skin was induced to coat it, except the upper part of the right arm, which was ulcerated. All other treatment failing, the physicians resorted to the experiment of supplying the flesh which had sloughed off with flesh from a Newfoundland dog. The experiment has proved successful, and the arm is gradually regaining the strength which it seemed at one time had forever left it with the sloughing away of the biceps muscles. Before the operation was performed Jerry could only raise his hand to his face with the greatest difficulty, but can now raise weights and continues to improve.

The question is: Is the cortical structure of your brain like a V or W? According to the *British Medical Journal*, M. Duval (Director of the Laboratory of Anthropology) has recently given to the Society of Anthropology at Paris a detailed description of the external configuration of the brain of Gambetta. He draws special attention to the fact that the cortical structure in the neighborhood of Broca's convolution has become markedly augmented. Usually this part of the brain assumes the form of an M, the two vertical limbs or sulci inclosing a small valve-like portion in the shape of a V. In the brain of Gambetta, however, as has been noted in other cases as well, this V-shaped portion has doubled on itself and assumed the form of a W instead of a V. When we recall the fact that Broca, in his memoirs, attributes to this part of the cerebral cortex (left or right sided, according as the individual is right or left handed) the function of articulate language, the unusual development of this convolution in Gambetta and others, confirms, to a certain extent, this opinion now generally accepted.

In a few years the site of Jamestown, the first colonial settlement in the United States, will have disappeared, as the James River is rapidly eating away the island, formerly a promontory, on which the ruin of the old church, with a few gravestones, still stands. The situation must always have been unfavorable, being low and malarious, and it is strange that Captain John Smith and his little band should ever have chosen it. But for the vigilance and benevolence of Pocahontas they would have been massacred by the savages, as several hundred colonists subsequently were. A clear idea of its antiquity from an American point of view is furnished by the fact that it was burned two hundred and ten years ago by Nathaniel Bacon, who with his followers rebelled against Sir William Berkeley, and was not rebuilt. It seems a pity, says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, that the site of the first English settlement on the continent should be allowed to sink entirely out of sight. The promontory should have been preserved, and a monument erected to indicate to posterity where Jamestown had been.

A WISH.

I turned as I saw them passing.
The child and the bent old man,
The grandsire tottered and trembled,
But the grandson sported and ran.

And I thought how the man was just leaving
The life so new to the boy;
Of the old man's burden of sorrow—
Of the grandson's visions of joy.

And I raised my arm toward heaven,
And cried in accents wild;
"Give rest to the old man, oh, Father,
And keep the dear child a child!"

—*John H. Greusel.*

A STORY OF GREECE.

BY S. C. McCAY.

Far away in the old Attic country, when Athens—the light of the nations—first stepped with majestic tread on the highway of thought that led her at last to a world wide dominion, dwelt Tyrtæus the poet, leading a life of ease, undisturbed by the light jests of the warlike Athenians, and remote from the tumult of war.

They dreamed not, these heedless disciples of wit and war, that the thin, shadowy hand, impotent to lift against the foe the sword of the Commonwealth, was writing on the age a story the future would read with applause.

Through the long days this pale, patient schoolmaster toiled among the sunny-haired children of Athens. He loved them and in them the future of Greece; and when to their stately homes he had sent them, to dream of the battle fields won from the East by their patriot fathers,—then, alone beneath the stars, with pale forehead uplifted and arms folded in majestic repose, the feeble body forgotten, the poet stood revealed in the might of his soul. His thoughts, now unfettered, soar on to the future, and he sees his city—his idol—by the light of her intellect crowned queen of the nations, when his fragile form is Athenian dust, and the children who now crowd around his knee shall fill all his country's high places with honor and with the patriot's zeal which his own enthusiasm has enkindled. Then on the scene where the rapt thoughts are dwelling glides another vision—a slight, slender form draped in the straight classic folds of a Greek maiden's white garment, a garment too pure to trail in the dust of men's wars and ambitions. 'Tis a form that he knows, but it inspires his soul and fills all the space in the universe. Then farewell for this night to the dreams of the seer, for the magical glass of the prophet grows dim when over it passes the breath of a human affection.

In the house of the Senator Merion dwelt the maiden of Sparta whose face in its ineffable beauty was filling the soul of the poet. Her mother, a woman of Athens, had wed in her youth Leontus the Spartan, ere jealous dissensions had weakened the brotherly bond between these two cities. But the bright sunny heart of the Athenian was chilled by the cold and austere looks of the matrons of her husband's house; and after bearing to their sire many strong, noble sons, looked once on the face of a small, lily maiden and died—and in that dying look the mother saw again the long-vanished days of her youth, for the child bore the face of her kindred. With thoughts full of home, she laid on its head a christening hand and murmured "Athenæ." Thus it chanced that, in fulfillment of a sacred promise, Leontus sent his daughter to the house of her kindred in Athens. Here she blossomed and reigned like a queen over the hearts of all who knew her; but deep and unnoticed beneath her sunny exterior dwelt the soul of her Spartan father; and while the maidens of Athens spent the hours in dancing and singing she would steal from their midst and follow her young kinsman to the house of his tutor—Tyrtæus.

No tale of the past, of high deeds or noble thoughts fell from the teacher's lips that did not reflect from Athenæ's eyes or thrill to her soul like the tones of some well-attuned lute. But a cloud was traveling fast to overshadow the sunshine of her life. The intercourse once so constant between her sire and her kindred of Athens grew cold, as some vexed question in matters of state made each nation suspicious of the other, and the name of Leontus was never breathed in the ears of his daughter. All questions were useless, and her pride compelled her to cease the inquiries for father and brother, which brought no answer save a frown, the first that had darkened for her the face of her kindred. Thus pondering, the maiden grew thoughtful and her tasks were neglected, as she thought of the mystery hanging over her life; but she suffered in silence, the Spartan within her forbidding complaint even to him who was her preceptor and friend. After many days of self-isolation she walked from her chamber one evening, seeking vainly to shake off the weight of oppressive thoughts, when a voice from young Eumæus's apartment caused her to pause and look up. The tones of a well-remembered voice thrilled through her being like magic. With an unconscious movement she drew nearer and nearer until she could hear the words. They fell like flaming sword-strokes as the poet spoke, more to himself than his pupil: "Is it thus, then, that Athens exults over the perils of her old and tried comrades? Will she teach her sons to honor her more when her hands are foul with the ruin of her sister city and the blood of her mother Greece! Blush, boy, for the rulers of Athens, who tell thee that laurels can grow for her youth on the graves of dishonored Sparta!" And, wounded in soul, Tyrtæus turns to depart. He had heard this day how the vampires of war had fastened again on the weak limbs of Lacedæmon, and Messenia had returned to the fight. With gaze bent on the ground and his heart heavy with a generous anguish, he walks, and sees not the form which stands with rapt face and statuesque grace, like the inspired genius of Greece, till, passing the portal, she kneels at his feet and kisses the hem of his robe.

"I see thee now as thou art," she cried, "noblest of all the Athenians and greatest of teachers! To-day thou hast taught a poor maiden her duty. Fate calls and I go."

"Ah, where wilt thou go, poor child?" he asked.

"I know not," she answered. "But tell me, is not a Greek maiden's place by her father's hearthstone, when the ashes of past joys are painting it white with their snows! They tell me the young lions—my brothers—were long ago borne on their bucklers to the sleep of the brave; shall his daughter not stand in their place!"

"Yes, go," he answered, in words that were shaken from his soul by the storm of emotion that swept over him. "Go! though with thee will go the heart of thy lover and the light of his soul. Would they could shield thee from harm. O, child, thou hast dreamed not, I know, how thy face has been to one poor dreamer the star of his life, though far above him thou should'st ever remain as yon bright spark that shines in the red track of the sunset. But go—the clouds of my fate have eclipsed thee. Go stand where the women of thy race have ever stood—by the deathbed of heroes—for once more shall thy people arouse to the conflict;" and sorrowfully he turns from her and the falling shadows shut him out from her sight.

Day dawns on the battle field red with the blood of languishing Sparta and lights the pale-fronted temple where Leontus, the Captain of spiritless hosts, bends low before Apollo's shrine. Will the gods at last interpose some shield between the breasts of his fainting warriors and the arrows of fate which fall in a resistless shower? The last notes of a weird, sacred hymn float out through the dim arches of the temple and silence reigns unbroken over the solemn place. The laurel's green boughs tremble not with the thrill of the god's mighty footsteps.

But now the deep tones of the Oracle break the silence:

"Soldier, the gods have vouchsafed thee no answer. Though the sons of Sparta have been valiant through every ordeal, her daughters have never been tried. Let some noble virgin of Sparta bring her young life, all spotless and pure, to the altar of her country. Thou hast given thy sons, O Leontus; give also thy daughter."

"But," he moaned in pain, "no daughter has Leontus, whose lifeblood may flow for Sparta. That daughter, an alien in the house of her mother, yearns not over the woes of her birthplace. O my child! My Athenæ! I cherished thy brothers, but knew not thy childhood; and, lo, 'tis not their blood, but thine, that could rescue my country. Thou hast marked me, dark fate, but I brave thee!"

The falchion whose gleams on Messenia's dark fields had marshaled his soldiers to glory was lifted in air, but a pale hand interposed, and a voice like an echo from his youth, spoke calmly:

"The gods have averted the blow, O Leontus! Thy daughter is here. Return to thy camp-fires, retrieve thy lost fortunes, and if victory comes, be sure that Athenæ will rejoice to yield her poor life for a ransom."

Stricken speechless, he turned and beheld her, as a gleam from the sunlight crowned her head like the smile of the approving god. He fell at her feet in a transport of mingled emotion, but he hand of the Priestess interposed and her voice said: "'Tis well. From this time the maiden is loved of the gods, and is sacred; touch her not."

"But her fate?" cried Leontus.

"Shall be told thee hereafter," replied the Priestess. "A Spartan remembers not that he is a father when his country bids him forget it. Go! Take this spark of hope to enkindle the zeal of the warrior; and should the gods send thee victory, then know that this offering is accepted."

With a serene look in her face like that of one already immortal, Leontus beheld for the last time his child, and the long line of veiled figures bears her away down the aisles of the temple.

Leontus returned full of hope; but not yet was Lacedæmon's cup of bitterness drained; not yet had the red tide of battle turned, when night hushed the war cry of one more disastrous day. Leontus has made his life his last offering. That mighty heart feels no more the patriot's anguish or the soldier's hope. Forever will he sleep now, undisturbed though the footsteps of the foe sound on to his city's gates, where, despairing, the people lie prostrate before smoking altars. Again the throngs go with prayer to the Delphian Apollo. Will nothing appease his implacable wrath? Yes. At last the pale lips of the Pythoness move, and through them the god speaks, to Greeks more than Spartans:

"Remember, O heroes, the past days when victory gilded your ensigns unceasingly; when the armies of kings shrank overawed by the majesty of patriots. Scest thou not the ghostly hands uplifted to withhold from thee now the victory which can only make wider the breach between brothers?

"Shake off the weak pride that degrades you and go in the name of old friendship to Athens. Say the gods have commanded you to seek from her people a captain. Murmur not, but yield; and swift must be the feet that bringeth the message, or the sun will soon set for the last time on free Sparta."

Racked with the thorns of suspense and her mortified pride, the city sits trembling, while, faint and defiled with the dust of the highway, her messengers enter the gates of her rival. 'Tis a feast day in Athens—no time for lengthy recitals.

"What wills our warlike sister, Sparta, with Athens, whom her stern dignity long hath derided?" said the haughty old Merion, his lip curling in scorn as the memory of public slights and private wrongs darken his brow. "A Captain? A chief for her armies? Ye gods! List to this, O Athenians! Which of you will lead Lacedæmon to victory? Ha! ha! 'tis a glad day when the gods give a jest such as this as the crown of our festival! Tell her our soldiers are turned into poets. But when age has matured them and given them wisdom we will joyfully lend her aid, unless, indeed, some poet will now reverse the miracle and turn warrior. What sayest thou, Tyrtæus? Wilt thou earn this glory?"

At this satire the market-place rings with the laughter of the populace, and all eyes are turned on the poet's pale face, as he stands apart from the gay throng, his stern gaze bent on the scene. But the laughter is hushed and a feeling of awe thrills the multitude when, suddenly turning upon them a look of command, he parts the throng with a wave of his hand and confronts the sneering magistrate with a serene gaze. Then he speaks:

"Be it so. By the memory of old battle fields, I accept the honor of forming the link which will unite the old chain of friendship between Athens and Sparta."

And leaving behind him the multitude, dumb with the silence of wonder, he swept from their midst.

Of all the gay jests that the wit of Athens ever uttered none brought such an echo as this one when the story was told in the city.

Into the camp fire's dying embers a group of warriors gaze with a look of settled despair. No faint ray of hope shows an outlet from the chasm where fate had entombed them; when on the silence breaks the fall of a footstep and a voice in the distance cries: "Lo! tidings from Athens!"

Unhelmeted heads are raised quickly and an eager look lightens the faces for a moment, but they darken with anger when the slight form of Tyrtæus confronts them. Many hands from the sting of insult convulsively close on the dagger, but some magical power in the face of the man arrests them, while one speaks:

"The gods have sent us to Athens for a warrior. What fresh insult is this she returns?"

With folded arms, quiet and calm, Tyrtæus made answer:

"You have asked of Athens a leader. She sends you—a voice from the past; from that past where the ghosts of dead heroes look down in amaze that Spartans should live where glory and death are united."

Then, gathering strength as it rolled, the storm of impassioned words swept on till it stirred to their depths the emotions of men unused to their charm. With the poet's power he unrolled to their view the scenes of the past, where Spartans, enamored of glory, won their laurels from the hand of death. He speaks on till the red blush of shame flushes the brow of the soldiers, and thronging around him, they clamor for him, who could shake from their hearts the weight of despair, to lead them to battle once more. And he led them, speaking words more potent than clarion call—for he told them that their valor shone as bright amidst death and defeat as when victory crowned them. An army thus seeking for death what host can withstand?

It came like the lightning when skies are all blue, and withered before it the ranks of the foe. With Messenia the dread day of reckoning had come, and her name on that day was stricken from its place among the nations, which knew her no more.

Many thought that some god, in pity of their woes, had shrouded his majesty in the form of the poor halting scholar. But no, there he stands in his wonted attitude wrapt in thought. What a throng of emotions stir the heart of the poet as he stands on this field of victory? Does he dream of kingship and empire? Of fame when the future shall couple his name with this field of renown? Nay, none of these mingle with the pure thoughts that picture a future when the two cities, fraternal as of yore, hold intercourse high. He dreams of an old classic haunt in his stately Athens, beloved and dear, where his days shall pass onward in peace, and his people will know by this deed that he loves them and seeks but their honor. And over it all shines the light of deep eyes that mirror in brightness the dreams of a poet's soul. But the mirage of peace is dispelled by the shouts of the victors. In frenzy of joy they crowd round their deliverer. They who, seeking death, found victory, bear him in triumph to the glad city's gates. With a beating heart he beholds the women who come to welcome them, and his eager eye scans their faces in search of one who should surely be there. Strange that she should be wanting in such a scene. But no time now for selfish pursuits; a grateful people must hasten to render thanks for their deliverance—then, throughout the city he will seek for Athenæ, and hear from her lips the approval that should be his reward.

Once more to the temple they come; but now with glad sounds to herald their coming, and the martial strains pierce through the sacred shades.

With ears strained to catch the first notes of the battle song that should be her death signal, Athenæ stands with clasped hands and breathless lips parted. Nearer and nearer they come. Ah, better the quick ordeal that shall end her existence, than the long days of agony and suspense in the dim temple's recess, where a window open toward Athens lets in on her soul the endearing memories of youth, which beat like surges around her resolve, assaulting it with the sweetness of life. She turns for a last look toward the city, where the sun is setting on the home of her past. She leans from the window and the soft breezes touch her face with a parting caress.

"O gentle winds," she murmured, "bear on your wings a message to the lonely heart that will grieve for my going. Tell him Athenæ forgets not his precepts; that she laments not the end to which they have brought her, and that she could go with joy, could she feel his dear hand on her head and hear his voice say as of old, when her school tasks were done: 'It is well!'"

But the moments are short; already she hears the sound of voices in the temple courts below. She must silence the womanly heart that is striving for mastery. She turns from the window, and covering her eyes, strives to recall her lost courage. It returns when once more on her ear falls the hymn of Sparta's victory. Yet still through it all one presence is with her. She sees the old look of pride lightening up his sad face when he hears of her sacrifice, and she knows his great love would not interpose one bar to the sacrifice duty demands. Slowly the old courage swells back in her heart, and she feels without a tremor a hand on her shoulder and knows fate's messenger has come.

The august head submits to the bandage that shuts from her sweet eyes the light of day, and she follows with unfaltering steps the hand that leads her down through the temple's corridors, the unconscious centre of myriad eyes. To the portals they come, when the dread tones of the Pythoness pronounce her name:

"Lo, maiden, Apollo has given to Sparta a great victory. Art thou willing to yield him the promised sacrifice?"

The clear voice replies: "I am willing."

"Then swear it. Kneel here on the threshold, with the sun god's eye shining on you, and swear that of your own free will you give your life for your country."

She kneels amid the hushed throng, and raising a steady right hand swears that in the name of Sparta she offers her life.

"'Tis enough! Hear, Spartans, the will of Apollo. It was the poor human thought that suggested the life of an innocent maid for the sacrifice acceptable as the price of success. But behold how this is overruled by the wisdom of gods. By the death of that pride which was raising a barrier between Athens and Sparta and poisoning the memories of friendship you have won back their favor. Yet know that forever is this maiden loved of the gods. Her brave spirit already has passed through the blood of its self-immolation. Her fair form shall be spared many years to show forth by the side of this high-souled Athenian the twin virtues of courage and patriotism, which have made Greece immortal.

"Approach, thou of Athens, whose act has made Sparta victorious, and lead back to life the child who would have died for her ransom."

Bewildered by these words, Athenæ feels a hand gently raise her and draw the veil from her face. When he sees her the voice so familiar to her ear rends the air with a joyous cry, and darkness glancing from her sight like a cloud, she sees, not the minister of death, but around her a host of weeping warriors, and at her feet the poet.

Then, pleased with the scene, Apollo kissed with his bright beams the lips of the lovers, and sank to his rest, leaving over them all a fair afterglow like the smile of approving love.

Mark Twain on a Bicycle.

Among the hundreds of enthusiastic wheelmen in Hartford, says a letter, are several clerical gentlemen, one of them the rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Rev. J. H. Watson, who does his marketing, visits his parishioners and performs all his perambulatory duties as a man and a minister—except, perhaps, attending funerals—upon his bicycle. Rev. Charles E. Stowe is an expert rider, and Rev. J. H. Twitchell, pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, bestrides a wheel. The latter does it with fear and trembling. His friend, Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, undertook to ride a bicycle at about the same time that his pastor began, and, like him, is not happy in the sport. The teacher of Mr. Clemens during the first week of his wheeling tells this story of him:

Mr. Clemens objected to assuming a costume suitable to the exercise, and one day started out to ride wearing a long linen duster over his clothes. His teacher gently suggested that it might be inconvenient. Mr. Clemens thought not. The young man feared a fall, but Mark Twain said that he would risk it. They had not gone four rods from home, however, when he began to revile the flapping thing, and in less than ten minutes the skirt was caught upon the wheel and carried up into the Y of the machine, and instantly the author of "Innocents Abroad" lay upon his face in the dirt, with the machine clattering about his ears. His companion alighted and ran to help him. The scope and volume of vituperation that smoked up through the spokes of that wheel are said to be unrepeatable by persons less gifted in the language than the victim. He was rescued from the machine, and crawling to his feet said with strided fury, "Wait a minute." Taking his knife from his pocket the amateur wheelman opened it and with fierce determination cut the superfluous length from the linen coat until it took on the semblance of a butcher's short frock, and then remounting his machine with the assistance of his trainer he said: "Now, I'll buy a Norfolk jacket, as I should have done before." Which he did. But he has never entirely conquered the skittish wheel.

A Fortune in Frogs.

Most of the frogs sold here are brought from Ohio and Michigan, with a few from Indiana. Michigan supplies more than all other points.

The frogs are caught in dip-nets or small seines, in the shallow lakes in the northern part of the State. Frogs caught by hooks are not purchased in the market, for the reason that when wounded they soon die or become unsalable for food. The frogs are received here in boxes about eight or ten inches deep, fourteen inches wide and two feet long. The frogs are put in two layers, with slats between the layers, and each box contains 100 frogs. When the boxes are opened they are as lively as grasshoppers, and springing and jumping in every direction. In this market alone 350 frogs are dressed each day.

The dressing of the frog is a rapid operation. He is caught by the hind legs and his head rapped against the edge of the table. This kills him, and the operator with a big pair of shears clips off the head and feet, cuts a little slit along down the front of his green jacket, and then catching hold of his neck pulls him clear out of his covering, clean and white and ready for the hands of the cook.

"I don't know of anything that would pay a man any better than frog-farming," said Manager Martin, of the Fulton Market. "If a man would just get hold of a piece of land with a large pond on it, with the water anywhere from eight inches to three feet deep, he could make a mint of money. He would want the stumps of trees all taken out so that the frogs could be taken with a seine or dip net, and then he would have to get all the fish out of it, for fish are the worst enemies to young frogs. There would be no need of breeding them or feeding them if the water kept anywhere over six inches deep, and didn't dry up and get them in too small a place. From a pond with two or three acres of water in it he could take 100,000 a year, and make more money than he could with a dairy of Alderney cows."—*New York Journal.*

Swedish Manners.

One great peculiarity of traveling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedish are a taciturn and noiseless sort of people. They do much by signs, and never shout; a Swedish crowd makes singularly little sound. Swedes, even of the lowest class, never push or jostle. It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat-lifting that one is obliged to move more slowly than in America to give time for all this courtesy. When a train leaves a platform or a steamboat pier all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travelers. If you address the poorest person in the street you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee-room you must bow to all the occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply about Stockholm invariably raise their hats to the occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through. Imagine American bargees indulging in such amenities.

The Lion and the Insects.

A Lion who was Resting in the Sun one day Tacitly permitted a Hornet to Alight on his Nose, but Vigorously Repulsed a wasp, who sought for the same Privilege. Thereupon the latter observed:

"We are both of the same general Species, and I fail to see why you Discriminate Against me."

"Simply to prove to you that Every one has the Right to Select the Nuisance he is willing to put up with," was the reply.

MORAL: There is a Difference between the Hand Organ and the Accordeon.—*Free Press.*

An Idyl of the Surf.

A maiden of Boston,
One morning while tossed on
The waves of the surf at Long Branch,
Set up a wild squealing,
With such piercing feeling,
That every face near her did blanch!

She kicked and gyrated,
In a way animated,
While her face wore expression of woe,
Till when rescued she stated,
In voice with fear freighted,
That a lobster shook hands with her toe.

—*Life.*

VEGETABLE ROMANCE.

A potato went out on a smash
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash
And all the beets turned red;
"Go way!" the onion weeping cried,
"Your love I cannot be,
The pumpkin be your lawful bride,
You cantelope with me."

But onward still the tuber came
And lay down at her feet;
You cauliflower by any name
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see,
So don't turnip your lovely nose,
But Spinach at with me.

I do not care at all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please!
The modest onion meekly said,
And lettuce pray have peas;
So think that you have never seen
Myself or smelled my sigh;
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye.

Ah! spare a cress, the tuber prayed;
My cherry-shed bride you'll be,
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me!
And as the wily tuber spoke,
He caught her by surprise,
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

—*Nancy Nelson Pendleton.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A big trade—Swapping elephants.—*Sittings.*

Circus tumblers are afflicted with a vaulting ambition.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The man who minds his own business as he ought to is seldom idle.—*Call.*

If a watch company should get into financial difficulties could it do business on tick?

A hen in the garden of a woman has a "shoo" her enough chance of being run out.—*Picayune.*

"Where are the British Isles located, John?" John—"The British isles are located in the British churches, of course."—*Siftings.*

There are few more pleasant sounds than the ringing blows of a woodman's ax when some one else is wielding the ax.—*Somerville Journal.*

Policemen are very impartial
When arrests they are making,
They put men in jail for save-keeping,
And some for safe-breaking.

—*Tid-Bits.*

"I'm looking for employment," said a young man entering a merchant's office. "You are, hey? Well, you'll find it in the dictionary over there—er—among the E's."—*Tid-Bits.*

A defaulting cashier endeavored to excuse his financial dereliction on the plea that he was only following out the scriptural injunction to "Hold fast that which is good."—*Boston Post.*

Her eyes were bright,
Her face was fair,
Her teeth gleamed out like pearls;
Her neck was white,
Her wavy hair
Hung down in sunny curls—
By why attempt to tell of all
The charms of baby's big wax doll!

Merchant Traveler.

The Russians are taking the lead in fiction. It is no trouble for a Russian novelist to fill a book. When he writes the names of five or six of his characters one volume is completed.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Nine one-legged men played a game of baseball against nine one-armed men in Southern Illinois the other day. The one-armed men had the advantage of being able to kick against the umpire's decisions.—*Chicago News.*

She went adown the garden walk,
His arm was 'round her waist;
"Now don't do that," she bluntly said,
"You know it's in bad taste."

"I'm sure I cannot see it so,"
He said with some grimaces,
"My hand I'm only trying now,
At making glad waist places."

—*Boston Budget.*

Washington and the Sculptors.

Washington, says Horace E. Scudder in *St. Nicholas*, had constant applications from persons who wished to write his life or paint his portrait. There was a sculptor, named Wright, who undertook to get a model of Washington's face. "Wright came to Mount Vernon," so Washington tells the story, "with the singular request that I should permit him to take a model of my face, in plaster of Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features, and placing me flat on my back, upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. Whilst I was in this ludicrous attitude, Mrs. Washington entered the room, and seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the bust which Wright afterward made." A more successful sculptor was Houdon, who was commissioned by Virginia to make a statue of Washington. He also took a plaster model, and the fine statue which he made stands in Richmond. A portrait painter, named Pine, also paid a visit to Mount Vernon about this time with a letter from one of Washington's friends to whom Washington wrote during Pine's visit:

"'In for a penny, in for a pound,' is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painters' pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit, like 'patience on a monument,' whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was as impatient at the request and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly but with less flouncing. Now no dray moves more readily to the thill than I do to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready obedience to your request, and to the views of Mr. Pine."

The European Honey Market.

Notwithstanding the enormous supply of beet sugar in Europe, which has suddenly brought down the prices of sweets, the demand for honey

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1886

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1886.
$1.50 A YEAR.

The Press entered its thirty-fourth volume on January 1st, 1886.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1886.

—Cotton goods are advancing in price.

—Federal Court in session at Greensboro.

—Heavy frosts in Virginia, doing a good deal of damage to tobacco.

—The wife of Rev. Dr. W. H. Bobbitt died at Salisbury on Wednesday of last week.

—Col. R. W. Wharton, of Washington, lost a little daughter, Mary, by death, a few days since.

—John Esten Cook, a distinguished author, died at his home in Clark county, Va., on Monday last.

—Violent earthquake shocks have occurred throughout Thuringa and other parts of Central Germany, on October 2nd.

—Judge Bynum has declined the nomination for Chief Justice tendered him by the N. C. State Republican convention.

—It is stated President Cleveland will visit the Fair of the Virginia Agricultural Society in Richmond, on the 21st inst.

—Gov. Scales has offered a reward of $300 for the arrest of Charles L Heitman, of Lexington, who is charged with embezzlement.

—Judge Dick orders a postponement of the United States court at Asheville until the 4th day of November, to allow jurors, witnesses and other parties to action an opportunity to attend the election.

Cluverius Doomed.

STAUNTON, Va., Sept. 30.—This morning the Supreme Court of Virginia, sitting at Staunton, handed down the papers in the case of T. J. Cluverius, who stands convicted of the murder of Lillian Madison, at the old reservoir, Richmond, Va., with the endorsement that the petition for a rehearing is denied. This remands the case to the hustings court, of Richmond, by which the time will be fixed for the death penalty by hanging, unless executive clemency interposes.

Address of the Democratic State Committee.

DEMOCRATIC STATE EXECUTIVE COM.,
RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 22, 1886.

Another campaign is upon us, and it again becomes the duty of this committee to address few words of counsel to those who are to carry the banners and fight the battles of democracy in this State.

We have now so long been accustomed to the blessings of good government under democratic rule, in North Carolina, that we may be in danger of forgetting the horrors from which we emerged when our party, by a grand uprising of our best people, obtained control of the legislative branch of the State government fifteen years ago. To those who are old enough to remember the reckless extravagance, the unblushing corruption, the defiant lawlessness of the negro and carpet-bag sway, which all but ended in war and bloodshed, it seems like a hideous dream; and in the enjoyment of the peaceful present and in the anticipation of a still brighter future, they might prefer to put away the memory of it all forever. But as history is ever repeating itself, it is well to be remended of the past and that the people who did these things once, will, if opportunity is offered, do the like again. Undoubtedly the democratic party is still the party of virtue and intelligence in this State, and so long as the ignorant blacks continue to stand together in a solid phalanx on one side, the intelligent white men of North Carolina are compelled by every consideration of prudence, and in sheer self-defence, to stand together on the other. They must see to it that they who pay the taxes shall have the controlling voice in directing how these taxes are expended. No fair minded man anywhere can find fault with them for this. We do not contend that we have made no mistakes in the decade and a half during which we have had control of legislation in the State, but we do insist that our mistakes have been few and comparatively unimportant, and that results on the whole have been such as to command the approval of all fair-minded men. Our State, in spite of the poverty from which she has not yet recovered, has become respected abroad, while at home peace, contentment and comparative prosperity and happiness nearly everywhere prevail. We found the public treasury empty and our credit bankrupt. We found that our late slaves, who with a a few corrupt or ambitious native whites, had assumed control of our finances, had in three years run up, in the name of the State, an immense fraudulent debt to pay the interest on which they levied enormous taxes from an impovershed people, while they were utterly regardless of the accumulating interest of our honest debt. We at once declared the fraudulent debt, $16,000,000 of bonds issued without consideration to those whose property was to be made to pay them, as binding neither in law nor in conscience, and wiped out the whole of it. Then, in view of the fact that the honest debt had grown too large for the people to pay it all, we proceeded to make terms with the State's creditors and effect a settlement which was mutually satisfactory. By the act of 1879 our unsecured debt of $12,627,045, bearing six per cent. interest, will have been reduced to $3,589,511, bearing four per cent.; and the debt of $2,795,000, for which the State's stock in the North Carolina railroad company was liable to be sold by decree in the Federal court, has nearly all been extended for forty years, and the State's control of our most valuable railroad property secured to her indefinitely. The dividends annually paid on her shares of stock are more than sufficient to meet the interest on this extended debt. And so fair has the credit of North Carolina grown under the care of her democratic sons that her 4 per cent bonds are worth par in the markets of the world, and her 6 per cents are bringing a premium of more than 25 cents on the dollar. What other Southern State can boast as much?

We find that during the three years of republican rule they had handled and wasted upwards of a million of dollars belonging to the educational fund, and had paid less than forty thousand for teaching the children of the State. We have now fully established a system of public schools nearly equal to the best, in full operation, school houses in every hamlet open for several months in each year, and the school sessions yearly increasing in length, with graded schools and normal schools in which our teachers are better prepared for their duties, at our principal centers of population—every dollar of our half a million raised for school purposes legitimately applied.

We found our unfinished railroads, notwithstanding the millions of bonds issued professedly to build them, making no progress, their ties rotting and their iron rusting. These roads are now, some of them, finished and the others rapidly approaching completion, while new lines and branches have been begun and finished since the new era dawned in 1871. Our mileage of roads has been nearly doubled and the public debt not increased. We have built two new asylums for the insane, of large dimensions and the penitentiary, of sufficient size and strength to safely keep all the convicts likely to be sentenced to it, is nearing completion. All of this without an increase of our taxes, and "to pay as we go" has been our motto. No new bonds have been issued, nor any deficit made for these great works. Soon they will be off-hand, and our State taxes may be still further reduced, or, if the people prefer it, the excess may be applied in the still better education of our children.

It has been and continues to be the policy of the democratic party to use the labor of the convicts to the penitentiary in work on railroads and draining the swamp lands belonging to the State for the purpose of bringing them into market, and to avoid employing it in competition with the honest labor of the country. There seems to be a growing disposition to have convict labor employed in part on the public highways, so far as it can be done consistently with the requirements of the constitution that our penal institutions must be made as nearly self-supporting as possible.

The administration of the executive department of the State government, since the inauguration of a democratic governor in 1877, has been all that could reasonably be expected. Vance, Jarvis, Scales, able, wise and progressive—so far as progress is consistent with true conservatism—have done or omitted little for party friends to criticise or political enemies to complain of. They have executed the laws faithfully and fairly, and with justice to all classes and colors.

As much may be said of the administration of justice and expounding the laws by our democratic judges. Their delicate duties have been faithfully executed and their great and increasing labors conscientiously performed. We have heard of no suggestion of unfaithfulness and of no suspicion of corruption with respect to any of them. We therefore confidently commend the judicial ticket presented by our late convention—Smith, Ashe and Merrimon for the supreme court; and Connor, Clark, Boykin, Montgomery, Graves, Avery and James H. Merrimon (the last the only one who has not heretofore served as judge and his high character and ability are universally conceded) to the support of the law-loving voters of the State; and all such are urged to go to the polls and give them deserved endorsement.

It is submitted with all confidence that President Cleveland has redeemed his promise made on his nomination and at his inauguration, to conduct the government of the United States on business principles. He has never forgotten that "public office is a public trust" to use his own maxim and that one who is entrusted with the conduct of a great government, should employ at least that measure of watchfulness, prudence, economy and faithfulness in the discharge of his duties that is expected of one who has the direction and control of the affairs of an ordinary person or corporation. Whether it suited political friend or foe he has executed the laws as he found them in the statute book, in a manner to command the applause of the law-abiding of all parties. His courage, industry, faithfulness and capacity for labor have been beyond all praise. Millions of money have already been saved by reforms instituted under his administration and the departments at Washington have been and are being purified of much rottenness and corruption which had accumulated under republican administrations. By his recognition of the South as an integral part of the country, with equal rights, by selecting members of his cabinet and appointing foreign ministers from the Southern States, he has put an end to sectionalism, we hope, forever. The bloody-shirt can never be raised as a rallying banner again.

Some, conceding that the present Congress, of which only the lower house is democratic, has under democratic influence done much for the benefit of the country—for example, passing laws whereby over 50,000,000 acres of land granted to railroad companies on condition and unearned by them, were declared forfeited and thereby saved for actual settlers; certain bills for the protection of labor, &c.,—yet complain that the democrats have not abolished the internal revenue system and reduced the tariff to a revenue basis, with only incidental protection to our industries. To them we reply, that the only hope to do these things is in the democratic party and not in that party which is responsible for the system and inaugurated these high protective tariffs; and that our Congressmen from this State, at least, have done their duty in trying to abolish the one and ameliorate the other, and it becomes us to see that good democrats are again sent to Congress, with renewed instructions to exert all their influence toward the attainment of these desired ends.

In our address, two years ago we assured the public that the so called liberal party existed but in name. Even the name is now a thing of the past. That device to divide and weaken our party having failed, our adversaries are trying another plan to distract and ruin us. Not daring to oppose us in many sections with republican candidates or those once called liberals, they find in our ranks professed democrats, ambitious, selfish men, who for some reason, could not secure nomination from democratic conventions, and these they persuade to run as independent democrats. Well, they know that if such men are successful, they must of necessity cease to belong to the party whose rules they have ignored and whose organization they have attempted to destroy, and would ultimately join those to whom they owe their election. An open enemy is much to be preferred to a faithless friend; and true democrats will see that such independents are repudiated and ignominiously routed.

In 1884 we carried our State ticket by about 20,000 majority, and a legislature over two thirds democratic was returned, while we sent democratic Congressmen from eight out of our nine districts. This was done by organization and hard work. Let us now see to it that our organization is preserved and let us again go to work. It is now less than six weeks to the day of election, and to make signal victory, at all points certain, much remains to be done. Every good citizen owes it to patriotism to vote, and to vote intelligently and right. He should inform himself and his neighbors an the public issues beforehand, and when the day of election comes he should give it, or at least a part of it, to his country. If he fails in this and bad men are elected or bad laws made, he has no right to complain. He has neglected to do his duty.

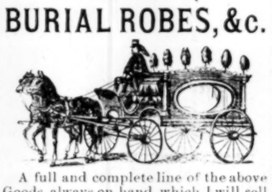
So, with organized work we will again succeed. Let the township committees see that every democrat, and every one who can be persuaded to vote the democratic ticket, is properly registered and has the opportunity to get to the polls and vote. Let these committees report frequently and regularly to the county committees, and let the county committees report to this committee. Then, on election day, let every democrat do his duty, and the State will be safe in democratic hands for two years longer, and we will be assured of good, conservative government for that period, at least.

R. H. BATTLE, Chairman.
B. C. BECKWITH, Secretary.

—Last Saturday morning Abram Stout, one of the railroad hands on the Jamestown section, fell from the hand car near Jamestown and was instantly crushed to death. This is the second fatal accident which has happened near High Point within a short time, and both victims bore the name of Stout.——A man by the name of Hill, whose home is in Randolph, jumped into a well a few days ago. A bucket was let down and he was drawn nearly to the top when he turned loose and fell back. This was repeated. Finally they were obliged to send a man down into the well to bring him out. His mind is affected.—*High Point Enterprise.*

COFFINS.!!

CASKETS,
BURIAL ROBES, &c.



A full and complete line of the above Goods, always on hand, which I will sell CHEAPER than any house in this city. In addition to this department is my extensive

FURNITURE BUSINESS.

I have secured the services of the most experienced workmen, and have spared neither care nor money to prepare to fully meet the demands of all. I have an elegant HEARSE, and my entire stock is new and of the latest styles.

UPHOLSTERING A SPECIALTY.

I am still headquarters for FURNITURE and at prices that defy competition.

Bedsteads, Baby Carriages, Wardrobes, Sideboards, Parlor and Chamber Suits in Endless Variety. Also Crockery, Glassware, Decorated Dinner Sets, &c., Carpets, Oil Cloths, and Mattings

in endless variety. In fact if you need goods at botton prices call on

CICERO TISE.

May 20-6m.

TAKE NOTICE.

Having purchased the BARBER SHOP formerly owned by Charles W. Williams, in the

Buxton and Shelton Block, Main St.,

(Near Tise's Furniture Store,)

I take great pleasure in inviting my friends and numerous customers to call on me, as I am prepared to wait on them in the best style of the "Tonsorial Art."

Nice, clean BATH TUBS in connection with my Shop, where *cold or warm* baths can be had at all hours.

Gates' Hair Renewer, price $1.00. Gates' Neuralgia Medicine, price $1.00.

ALEX. GATES,
THE BARBER.

Winston, N. C., No. 36—3m.

W. N. GARBODEN,

MANUFACTURER OF

Boots & Shoes,

CROSLAND BUILDING,

SALEM, N. C.

REPAIRING NEATLY and CHEAPLY DONE.

GOOD WORK. BOTTOM PRICES.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

No. 29-3m.

$1,000.00

will buy a first-class ENGINE, BOILER and SAW MILL OUTFIT that will cut from 5,000 to 8,000 feet of lumber per day. Address SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C.

WHAT MAY BE

accomplished by a liberal use of printers ink, and by turning out only first-class work, is forcibly illustrated by the success of the SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C., manufacturers of ENGINES, BOILERS, SAW MILLS, WOOD PLANERS, &c., who have their machinery in operation in over twenty of the States and Territories of the United States, also in Canada, U. S. of Columbia, Chili, Cuba and Siam. In the latter country, a wood working establishment, in which the brother of the king is largely interested, was supplied with machinery by the SALEM IRON WORKS.

We would advise parties intending to purchase any thing in their line to correspond with them before placing an order elsewhere.

SPECIAL NOTICE

is hereby given to the public generally, and especially to the people of North Carolina, that the SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C., manufacturers of STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS and PLANERS, which they are willing to put in competition with those of any other manufacturers, considering prices, material and workmanship. Don't fail to write for circular and prices.

WANTED!

100,000 able bodied men,

Not for War,

but to thoroughly investigate the merits of the ENGINES, SAW MILLS and WOOD PLANERS, manufactured by the SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C.

DON'T READ THIS

unless you are interested. The SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C., wants every person who is in need of a good STEAM ENGINE, BOILER, SAW MILL, PLAINER and MATCHER, PULLEYS, HANGERS, SHAFTING, &c., to write to them for prices.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having qualified as Executor of Jonathan Swaim, deceased, the creditors of said deceased are hereby notified to present their claims legally authenticated for payment on or before the 4th day of September, 1887, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

CHARLES T. POPE, Ex'r.

Aug. 30 1886-6w.

FALL OF 1886

Allison & Addison's

"STAR BRAND"

GUANO

—OR THEIR—

ACID PHOSPHATE

—FOR THE—

WHEAT AND GRASS CROPS.

No Fertilizers ever introduced have been more universally successful or generally approved than the above brands, and while not intending to say anything to detract from the reputation of any other fertilizer, we think the experience of the past twelve years justifies us in claiming that for wheat, clover and grass, and the improvement of the soil, these manures are not surpassed by any of them. They are unusually rich in amonia, and *real bone* phosphate *every atom soluble in the soil and available as plant food*, and they are in such perfect chemical and physical condition as to render their action prompt, continuous and lasting. The quantity and condition of these valuable elements make these manures of exceptionally high grade, and they are reasonably sure to give satisfaction.

ALLISON & ADDISON,
Richmond, Va.

"STAR BRAND"

GUANO

It is prepared under our personal supervision, and is made of the best materials.

It contains no shoddy or other inferior or doubtful ammoniates.

It is FINE, DRY, and excellent condition for DRILLING.

This Fertilizer has been in use SIXTEEN years, and has gained a reputation for excellence second to none.

IT CANNOT BE SURPASSED

For Wheat & Grass.

For which is is especially recommended.

ALLISON & ADDISON,
Factory and office, Manufacturers,
RICHMOND, VA.

ACID PHOSPHATE

(Or Dissolved South Carolina Bone.)

Made of South Carolina Phosphate, dissolved in sulphuric Acid, containing 14 to 16 per cent. Phosphoric Acid.

Large quantities of this Fertilizer are now being used annually, both for GRAIN and GRASS CROPS, with the very best results, and its use is rapidly increasing each year.

We manufacture it at our Works, in Richmond, and are prepared to furnish an article of the highest grade, and at the lowest market prices.

ALLISON & ADDISON,
RICHMOND, VA. Manufacturers.

FOR SALE BY

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WINSTON, N. C.

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES,

GUANO, $3.00 per bag of 200 lbs. cash.
" $3.50 " " " " " on time.
ACID, $2.25 " " " " " cash.

Best Quality

Clover Seed, Timothy, Orchard Grass, Kentucky Blue & Herd-grass Seed.

always on hand at lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

—NEW—

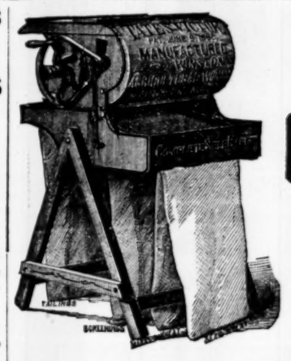
Fall and Winter GOODS

of every description at prices that defy competition. Come and see us.

Yours very truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Sept. 16th, 1886.



TATE'S VICTOR

Grain and Seed Separator & Grader,

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Winston Agricultura Works.

WINSTON, N. C.

Every Farmer Needs It. Every Mill Owner Needs It. Every Dealer in Grain and Seeds Needs It.

TATE'S VICTOR

EMBODIES more points of excellence in WORK AND CONVENIENCE than any other machine for the same purpose. Perfect in SEPARATING and GRADING, simplicity and durability of construction, and the complete SELF-BAGGING arrangement, which in itself SAVES THE LABOR OF ONE MAN. The VICTOR has two shoes which work independent of each other, and which can be regulated at the will of the operator from a light to a heavy shake, thereby changing the quality and volume of each Grade as may be desired; the Blast is also readily changed from a mild breeze to a strong blast by means of the Fan Guages on each side of the Drum.

Four grades are made in preparing seed—the first grade being all the perfect grain, for seed; the second grade for market or milling purposes; the third comprising all the small and faulty grains and particles; and the fourth grade is that which is carried off by the combination of Zinc Screen work and the blast. Each grade is deposited into separate bags, as shown in the Cut; and the first and second can be run together in the same bag if desired.

THIS MACHINE

Seperates from Wheat all foul stuff, such as Oats, Rye, Cockle, Garlic, Cheat, White Caps, &c., and with the same operation grades the grain being treated; and will separate Wheat OATS and BARLEY that have been grown together; will also clean and grade Oats in a perfect manner; while for cleaning FLAX SEED it has no equal, or for Barley, Peas, Corn, Rye, Coffee, Rice, Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, Orchard Grass, or any kind of grain or grass seed.

This machine is run by hand or by power without any extra attachments; and by removing too small bolts the Machine is knocked down ready for shipping, moving or packing away. Hence it is the most convenient Machine to handle, takes up the least room, does the most work and gives the best satisfaction of any Fanning Mills on the market.

A large number of certificates could be given in regard to the Machine; but to show how the VICTOR is appreciated by all the leading Farmers and Grain Dealers, we give a list of the sales, nearly all of which were made by one Agent in the short space of three months:

NAMES.	POST OFFICE.	NAMES.	POST OFFICE	NAMES.	POST OFFICE.	NAMES.	POST OFFICE.
H. T. Moser,	Bethania, N. C.	T. A. Wells,	Statesville, N. C	A. M. Propst,	Newton, N. C.	R. M. Roseman,	Lincolnton, N. C
J. A. Wolff,	" "	W. E. Morrison,	" "	S. T. Wilfong,	" "	J. A. Robinson,	" "
M. C. Clayton,	Sedge Garden, "	Jacob Boston,	" "	G. L. & R. L. Shuford,	Jacob's Fork, "	J. A. Miller, and R. Mostteiter,	" "
J. W. Davis,	Red Shoals, "	E. M. Brawle,	" "	E. Huntsucker,	" "	E. S. & J. H. Rhodes,	" "
J. G. White,	Germanton, "	W. A. Lash,	Walnut Cove,	N. Goder and P. W. Sigmon,	Hickory, "	G. W. Cansler,	" "
Stephen H. Davis,	Westminster, "	J. M. Arnt,	Catawba Station,	S. M. Abernethy & J. S. Whitner Co.,	" "	Eli D. Ramsaur,	" "
E. S. Spease,	Bethania, "	Q. M. Smith,	Conover, "	Daniel H. Whitner,	" "	J. J. Havener & Seagle,	" "
W. A. Chaffin,	Germanton, "	Franklin Phifer,	Elmwood, "	Jas. E. Wilfong,	" "	P. M. Hauser & Co.,	" "
Len W. Anderson,	Pine Hall, "	P. P. Green,	Cana, "	W. Smithdeal,	" "	M. Wise and E. Black,	" "
W. C. Mathews,	Walnut Cove, "	Neal Hunt,	Catawba Station "	J. S. Fleppin,	Salisbury, "	J. W. Lichardt,	" "
W. A. Clark,	Farmington, "	J. C. Miller,	" "	William Hinson,	Francisco, "	John Rudasill,	" "
L. A. Furches,	" "	David Christopher,	" "	A. Costner,	Newton, "	G. W. Heofner,	" "
A. A. Haylock,	Kernersville, "	E. Gant and C. Conner,	" "	Minor Seagle,	Lincolnton, "	S. Blackburn,	Newton, "
J. N. Phifer,	Elmwood, "	J. B. Little & Fox,	Conover Station,	Wm. Ramsaur,	" "	D. W. Ramsaur,	Newton, "
Levi Powlass,	Salisbury, "	Mrs. Nancy Sherrill,	Newton, "	John Pendleton,	" "	G. A. Baity,	Williamsburg, "
Walton & Lyerly,	Third Creek, "	P. E. Hutt & Hull,	" "	J. Blackburn,	" "	W. W. Turner,	Vance, "
Barber & Lyerly,	" "	Silas Wike,	" "	Max Warlick,	" "	G. H. and H. P. Havener,	Lincolnton, "
Franklin Phifer,	Elmwood, "	R. E. Fetzer & Yost,	" "	Conrad Sence,	" "	D. A. Coon,	" "
J. W. Brawley,	Shephard, "	Logan Sinyer,	" "	Reef & Lain,	Newton, "	Capt. J. E. Gilmer,	Winston, "
Jesse W. Miller,	Third Creek, "	H. M. Smyer and G. P. Sides,	" "	H. E. Fries,	Salem, "	J. M. Clark,	Lincolnton, "
J. C. Cowan,	" "	Coder & Finger,	" "	E. Frost,	Cana, "	M. Ingram & Sons,	Lilesville, "
M. A. File,	" "	Bost & Williams,	" "	T. J. Ramsaur,	Lincolnton, "	J. A. Roberts and R. M. Petre,	Keepsville, "
B. W. Phifer,	Elmwood, "	Jacob Lutz,	" "	J. D. Hoover,	" "	C. E. Robinson,	" "
J. S. Troutman,	Statesville, "	John F. Keener,	Maidain, "	C. J. Frazier,	" "	C. L. P. Havener,	" "
D. J. Brawley,	" "	J. A. Bowman and A. M. Wilson,	Newton, "	Dr. E. Powell,	" "	C. A. Conover & P. H. Little,	Catawba Station, "
E. P. Casey,	Calvain, "	P. E. Fry,	" "				

PRICE LIST OF MACHINES—AT THE FACTORY.

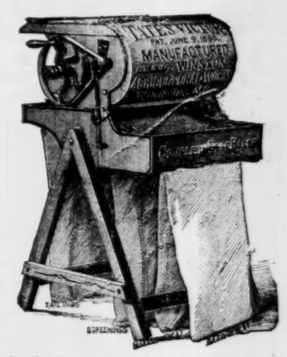
No. 1 Machine, with Grain and Grass Screens;	$25.00.
No. 1 Machine, with Wheat and Oat Screens,	23.00.
No. 1 Machine, with Wheat Screens,	22.50.
CAPACITY OF NO. 1 MACHINE 20 BUSHELS PER HOUR.	
No. 2 Machine, with Grain and Grass Screens,	$33.00
No. 2 Machine, with Wheat and Oat Screens,	31.00
No. 2 Machine, with Wheat Screens,	30.00
CAPACITY OF NO. 2 MACHINE 60 BUSHELS PER HOUR.	

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS AND LETTERS TO

WINSTON AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

WINSTON, N. C.



(In writing to the Winston Agricultural Works about this Separator and Grader tell them you saw their advertisement in the PEOPLE'S PRESS.) No.-28 3m

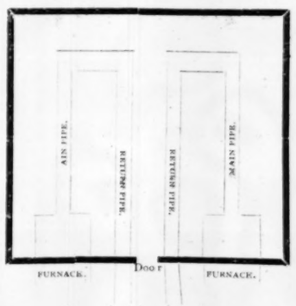
TOBACCO FLUES! STOVE PIPES

—AND—

Cast Iron Eyes for Furnace a Specialty

—AT—

W. S. REMPSON'S, WINSTON, N. C.



Sheet Iron and Tin work of all kinds done at Bottom Prices.
Large Lot Home-Made Flues are always on hand.
Roofing and Guttering at short notice by good workmen. Come and see me at Tise's Block. Sign big Red Flue.

W. S. REMPSON, WINSTON, N. C.

No. 36.—1m.

A. N. ZEVELY & SON,
Agents for Mail Contractors,
804 E. STREET, N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N. C

Read This and Think it Over!

DO you want to buy an Organ or Piano! If so call or write to W. P. ORMSBY who has worked at the manufacture of those Instruments, and is prepared to sell you first class instruments on the best terms. Every instrument guaranteed for six years.

Do you want the Best Sewing Machine on the Market, if so, come and examine the

LIGHT RUNNING DOMESTIC.

EACH DOMESTIC GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS.

Call at the Domestic Office and see the best testimonials from EIGHT HUNDRED customers who have bought the Domestic from my office.

W. P. ORMSBY,

MAIN STREET, SALEM, N. C.

July 15, 1886 -1y.

THE BEST

WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean, without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. WeCAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., ERIE, PA.

Headquarters!

S. E. ALLEN,

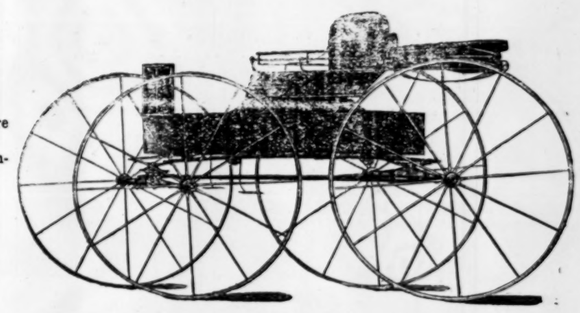
CORNER 3rd AND MAIN STREETS, WINSTON, N. C.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS, &c.

—AGENT FOR—

AGENT FOR
Champion Mowers, Reapers and Binders,
Farmer's Favorite Grain Drill,
Farmer Girl Cook Stove,
Fairbank's Standard Scales,
Longman and Martinez strictly pure prepared Paints,
King's Great Western Powder Company's Powder.
Hercules Powder or Dynamite,
Leader Corn Shellers,
Victor Cane Mills,
Cardwell Threshers and Horse Powers,
Farmer Friend Plows, &c.



STOCK

Consists of a full and complete line of all goods usually kept in a first-class

HARDWARE AND CROCKERY STORE.

Iron, Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Steel Plows, Glass, Paints, Putty, Oils, Varnishes, &c. Carriage and Wagon Makers Tools and Material, Builders Tools, Material and Hardware, Locks, Hinges, Butts, Screws, Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.

Pistols, Guns, Ammunition, Fish Hooks, Nets, &c. Farmers, Blacksmith and Mechanics Tools.

CROCKERY.

China, Dinner and Tea Sets, Porcelain White Granite, Iron Stone China, C. C. Ware, Glass Ware, Lamps, Wicks, Burners, &c.

T. T. HAYDOCK'S BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, &c., &c.

CAR LOAD IN STOCK.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9 Leaves 6.30 a. m. Mail closes 5.45.
" 10 Arrives 11.30 a. m.
" 11 Leaves 7.35 p. m. Mail closes 6.45.
" 12 Arrives 12.30 a. m.
Money Order and Register business closes at 6 p. m.

—Cow for sale, very cheap. Apply to C. E. Crist.

—There is some distemper among cattle.

—Roe Phillips is building a dwelling house near Kernersville.

—Mrs. David Walker, of Winston, is visiting relatives in the country.

—We regret that we are compelled again to defer a number of contributed articles.

—Fresh oysters have made their appearance. The first of the season arrived last week.

—Miss Sadie Murphy, of Salisbury, is visiting her cousin Mrs. Ed. Harris, in this place.

—The Philharmonic Musical Society has been organized, under the direction of Prof Agthe.

—James Smith, of Davidson county, sheared more than $30 worth of wool from his flock of sheep.

—In portions of Stokes and this county, nearly one-half of the tobacco was ruined by the frost.

—Gierch, Senseman & Co., make some addition to their Patent Tobacco Heat Regulator advertisement.

—Dr. Moore and wife are visiting Mrs. Moore's mother, Mrs. L. M. Fries, and other relatives in this place.

—The revenue collections at the branch office at Winston for the month ending Sept. 30th, were $50,488.15.

—Several slight earthquake shocks were felt by some of our citizens Sunday night, between 9 and 10 o'clock.

—Capt. R. R. Crawford and family, of Winston, have returned home from the Red Sulphur Spring, West Virginia.

—Thanks for complimentary ticket to the Virginia State Fair, to be held at Richmond, Va., October 20, 21 and 22.

—At the Republican Senatorial Convention which assembled at Germanton on Saturday, W. C. Mathews was nominated.

—Theophilus Kimel, Esq., has placed a beautiful monument at the grave of his son Charlie, in New Friendship graveyard.

—Some fine looking water melons were offered for sale on the streets of Winston Saturday, at prices ranging from 40 to 75 cents a piece.

—There were heavy frosts here on last Saturday, Sunday and Monday mornings, and we learn that considerable damage was done to tobacco.

—Mahlon Charles, of Davidson county, made six one horse loads of clover hay on a half acre piece of land, by mowing it twice this year.

—The Lenoir *Topic* says that among a number of others Dr. H. T. Babinson, of Salem, will erect a cottage at Blowing Rock next summer.

—C. C. Stoltz, of Bethania township, lost a barn of tobacco by fire on the 28th ult. The building was new and the entire loss is placed at about $300.

—H. W. Fries, Esq., has purchased the Causey place, being some 40 acres of land with an excellent mill-site on the Yadkin river, near Douthit's Mill.

—Col. F. H. Fries, Superintendent of Salem Home Sunday School, has commenced a series of prayer meetings at the close of the Sunday School exercises.

—The Sheriff commenced his first round for the collection of taxes yesterday at Clinard's Stand. The political canvass of the county opened at the same place.

—We are sorry to hear that Mr. Thomas Fishel fell, one day last week and hurt himself so badly that he was unable to be about when we heard from him last.

—Joe Reid, formerly auctioneer at Farmers' warehouse and lately of Brown's warehouse, left Winston Wednesday to take charge of a tobacco warehouse in Fayetteville.

—One day last week a tobacco barn belonging to Franklin Carter, of Davidson county, and filled with William Brown's crop of tobacco was burned. The tobacco was about cured when it took fire.

—Jas. Stone, tried in Wilkes court last week for complicity in the murder of Edward [illegible] was sentenced to 20 years in the penitentiary. Cardwell was re-sentenced to be hanged November 26th.

—Rev. P. O. Duncan, of Lexington, preached an excellent sermon at New Friendship on Sunday last. A large congregation was present. Rev. Wm. Turner baptized 13 persons. Rev. Mr. Harrell, late of Thomasville, now of Waughtown, also addressed the congregation.

—A complimentary concert was given Col. F. H. Fries and lady, on their return from their bridal tour, by the Salem Home Sunday School of which Col. Fries is Superintendent. A few evenings later the Cornet Band serenaded and the Forsyth riflemen fired a salute in honor of the happy couple.

—Sixty persons united themselves to the Methodist church in Winston at the service Sunday morning, making a total with the 49 that joined the Sunday preceding of 109. The meeting continues in interest and will go on during the week with prayer meeting in the afternoon and preaching at night.—*Daily.*

—Two negroes from Yadkin county, convicted at the late Yadkin court, one for murder and the other for rape, were brought to Winston, Tuesday evening and lodged in jail for the night. They left for the penitentiary Wednesday morning, one to serve 10 years and the other 15.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT.—The meeting of the County Commissioners, Monday, presents nothing of general interest. Some small claims were audited and a few petitions heard for a release from or abatement of taxes. The Commissioners visited the poor house Tuesday with a view to the construction of an additional building for the use of insane persons who cannot receive admission to the asylum.—*Farmer.*

—The Pepper Mining Company, of Danbury, received an order a few days since from a Richmond party for 20,000 pounds of scrap mica. It is said to be used in the manufacture of paint for house roofs, axle grease, and what is called diamond dust used for ornamenting Christmas goods, &c.—*Danbury Reporter-Post.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

Messrs. Editors:—On last Sunday we had an interesting time at Friedland. The house was filled and 14 persons, the fruit of the late revival were added to the communicant membership by Baptism and Confirmation. Brother Samuel Woosely preached.

The frost on Sunday morning killed a great deal of tobacco; a colored man, Kit Hairston, had about four acres, his whole crop being completely ruined. I saw Mr. Iverson Crews on Sunday morning and he said his best tobacco was all out yet, and down in the bottom and he expected it was entirely cut off by the frost. I heard of another person who had spent $45 for fertilizer and lost every bit of his tobacco, and there are no doubt hundreds of cases over the country like it. The parties are certainly to be pitied, a whole year's work gone. C. L. R.

Kernersville, Oct. 4th, 1886.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Oct. 2nd, 1886:

Ladies.

Miss Nittie Thomas, Mrs. A. M. Tesh, Miss Sarah Weelch, Miss M. J. Weavil.

Gentlemen.

Mr. M. C. Bodenhamer, Mr. Frances Gray (2), Mr. Richard Hall, Mr. R. F. Johnson, Mr. J. M. Nifong, Mr. Manual Reid.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters.

If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

FAMILY BIBLES.

Persons wishing FAMILY BIBLES will please call and examine styles and prices at the Salem Bookstore. JOHN H. ZEVELY.

Items About the State Fair.

Opens Tuesday, the 26th, closes Friday, the 29th.

The Race track is built upon the most improved plan—under the direction of George Wilkes, editor of the New York *Spirit of the Times.*

Railroad transportation to and from the Fair is cheaper this year than at any time heretofore.

Two hundred Northern editors will be present to write up the State Fair. Illustrated papers will send artists to make sketches to publish in their papers.

Articles will be transported free of charge over the railroads from every section of the State.

A Silver Cornet Band will furnish music for the Fair.

President Cleveland will be invited to attend.

Hotel rates will be very reasonable and ample accommodation for all who attend.

If you want a premium list of the State Fair, send to John Nichols, Esq., Raleigh, N. C.

DAVIE COUNTY.

From the Times.

—Mr. R. C. Brown, the popular junior partner of the firm of F. M. Johnson & Co., of Farmington, was married to Miss Emma Brock, of that place, on Thursday evening, the 23rd. Rev. W. C. Willson officiated.

—There will be a Sunday School picnic at Centre, on Saturday before the 4th Sunday in October. Revs. W. C. and James Willson and A. K. Murchison will deliver addresses.

—Mr. Samuel V. Furches, one of Farmington township's young and progressive farmers, was married on Wednesday evening to Miss Belle Tatum, one of Jerusalem's most popular young ladies.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

From the Lexington Dispatch.

COUNTY CANVASS.—The Democratic and Republican candidates for the Legislature will meet in joint discussion to address their fellow citizens at the following times and places, viz:

Lexington,	Tuesday,	Oct. 12.
Cotton Grove,	Wednesday,	Oct. 13.
Boon,	Thursday,	Oct. 14.
Tyro,	Friday,	Oct. 15.
Yadkin College,	Saturday,	Oct. 16.
Reedy Creek,	Monday,	Oct. 18.
Clemmonsville,	Tuesday,	Oct. 19.
Arcadia,	Wednesday,	Oct. 20.
Midway,	Thursday,	Oct. 21.
Abbott's Creek,	Friday,	Oct. 22
Thomasville,	Saturday,	Oct. 23.
Conrad Hill,	Monday,	Oct. 25.
Silver Hill,	Tuesday,	Oct. 26.
Emmons,	Wednesday,	Oct. 27.
Jackson Hill,	Thursday,	Oct. 28.
Alleghany,	Friday,	Oct. 29.
Healing Springs,	Saturday,	Oct. 30.

MR. HENDERSON'S APPOINTMENTS.—Hon. John S. Henderson will address the citizens of Davidson county at Thomasville, Saturday, Oct. 30.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.—The delegates appointed by the Democratic conventions of the several townships in Davidson county, on the 11th of September, 1886, will re-assemble in Lexington, on Saturday, Oct. 9th, 1886, noon, to nominate a candidate on the Democratic ticket for the House of Commons in place of Dr. A. Bulla, who, on account of private business engagements, was compelled to decline a nomination.

—Mr. Charles L. Hege died at the residence of his father in Lexington last Saturday morning, aged twenty-four years. About a year ago he came home from Asheville where he had been engaged as a telegraph operator. He was then in feeble health, and had been so for some time before he came home. From that time until he died, he was confined to his bed. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church, and was in all respects an exemplary young man. He was buried at Fair Grove church, on Sunday.

—Hon. Jas. W. Reid, Democratic candidate for Congress, in this district, in joint canvass with Hon. J. M. Brower, Republican candidate for Congress, he will address the people at the following times and places: Prestonville, Stokes county, Monday, Oct. 4; Danbury, Stokes County, Tuesday, 5th; Mt. Airy, Surry County, Wednesday, 6th; Dobson, Surry County, Thursday, 7th; Dalton, Stokes County, Friday, 8th; Winston, Forsyth County, Saturday, 9th; Kernersville, Forsyth County, Monday, 11th; Greensboro, Guilford County, Tuesday, 12th; McLeansville, Guilford County, Wednesday, 13th; New Bethel, Rockingham County, Thursday, 14th; Wentworth, Rockingham County, Friday, 15th; Ruffin, Rockingham County, Saturday, 16th; Yanceyville, Caswell County, Monday, 18th; Leesburg, Caswell County, Tuesday, 19th; Cunningham's Store, Person County, Wednesday, 20th; Roxboro, Person County, Thursday, 21st; Young's X Roads, Granville County, Saturday, 23rd; Dutchville, Granville County, Monday, 25th. Speaking will commence promptly at 1 o'clock, p. m.

MARRIED.

On Monday, September 20th, at 5 o'clock, P. M., in the Methodist church, at Patterson, by Rev. J. C. Rowe, Dr. W. M. EARNHART, of Lenoir, to Miss ANNA S. CRIST, of Salem.

In this place, at the residence of the officiating minister, Dr. Rondthaler, LEVI EARNEST to Miss JOSEPHINE LONGWORTH, daughter of Reuben Longworth, of this county

In this place, R. L. STUART, of Walkertown, to Miss SARAH J. PERKINS.

In Bethania, Sept. 22nd, Dr. E. F. STRICKLAND, of Surry county, to Miss LILLIARD LEHMAN, of Bethania.

In Yadkin county, Sept. 9th, by Rev. G. Brown, U. M. SWAIM to Miss CARRIE PARKS.

In Shelby, N. C., recently, Rev. J. L. WHITE the new pastor of the First Baptist church, of Raleigh, and a native of Winston, to Miss DOVIE K. POSTON, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Poston, of Cleveland Springs.

In Jefferson, Ashe county, Sept. 21st, Miss LILY M VEACH, of Jefferson, to CHARLES A. TAYLOR, of Valley Crucis, Watauga county.

One day last week, LEE JOHNSON, of Davidson county, to Miss FLORA GAMBELL, of Guilford county.

DIED.

In this place, on Sunday last, infant daughter of Joseph and Amanda Williard.

In Davidson county, on the 3rd inst., Mrs. PHILIP WELBORN, daughter of Rev. Philip Snider, of Davidson county, aged about 30 years.

In Broadbay township, Sept 29th, TOBIAS ROTHROCK, aged 66 years, 4 months and 20 days.

In Stokes county, Sept. 11th, Mr. JOHNATHAN FLINN.

In this county, Sept. 24th, near Kernersville, Mrs. W. A. LOWERY.

North Carolina, FORSYTH COUNTY. } In Superior Court.

Lucy Mock, widow of Jesse Mock, de'd, plaintiff,

against

A. B. Mock, Matilda Weisner and her husband Ephraim Weisner and others, defendants.

Petition for dower in lands of said deceased.

It appearing to the court that three of the children of Paulina, intermarried with David Sink, to wit: Josephine Sink, Mary Sink and Sarah Sink, and their husbands, whose names are unknown, are not residents of this State—they are hereby notified and required to be and appear at the office of the Superior Court Clerk of said County, at the Court-House in Winston, North Carolina, on the 22nd day of October, 1886, and then and there answer or demur to the complaint filed in the above entitled action, or judgment will be rendered against them in accordance with the relief demanded in said complaint.

Witness, C. S. Hauser, clerk of Forsyth Superior Court, Winston, N. C., September 7th, 1886.

C. S. HAUSER.
Clerk of Forsyth Superior Court.
T. J. Wilson, Attorney.
Sept. 9th, 1886.—6w.

WANTED!

Live energetic agents in all parts of the world, to sell the celebrated HEGE SAW MILL, manufactured by the SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The Next Session Opens August 26th.

FIFTEEN PROFESSORS offers a wide range of instruction in Literature, Science and Philosophy. The law School and the Department of Normal Instruction are fully equipped. Special higher training in all the departments is provided for graduates of the University and other Colleges free of charge. Select Library of 20,000 Volumes; Reading Room of 114 Periodicals. Total collegiate expenses $88.00 a year. Board $8.00 to $13.50 per month. Sessions begin last Thursday in August. For full information, address

PRES. KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D.,
Chapel Hill, N. C.
Aug. 5, 1886-3m.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.

Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

MRS. ELIZABETH BAIRD, 74 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 26th, 1884: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has been more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the weakness ladies have in life. Also cured me of Liver Complaint, and now my complexion is clear and good. Has also been beneficial to my children."

MRS. LOUISA C. BRAGDON, East Lockport, N. Y., says: "I have suffered untold misery from Female Complaints, and could obtain relief from nothing except Brown's Iron Bitters."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE TWIN CITY MUSIC HOUSE,

LIBERTY ST., WINSTON, N. C.

Will promptly fill all orders for the

Chickering, Mason & Hamlin, Arion and Bent Pianos.

The Mason & Hamlin, Packard and Bay State Organs,

from the Ludden & Bates' Southern Music House; and has in stock all kinds of

SMALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, &c.

Will keep a full line of the latest

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS.

Tuning and repairing thoroughty done. Old Instruments taken in exchange for new.

Prof. C. L. WILSON,
and J. H. HARRELL,
Sept. 23—3m. Proprietors.

TAX NOTICE.

I am now ready to receive the Corporation Taxes for this year. Please call and pay. The money is now wanted for Street and Engine House expenses at once. The levy is 40 cents on the $100, $1.20 on the Poll, and $2.00 Road tax. L. N. CLINARD,
Salem, Sept. 10, 1886. Tax Collector.

TAX NOTICE!

THIS is to give notice that I will attend at the following time and places for the purpose of collecting the State and County Taxes for the year, 1886.

Clinard's Stand,	Wednesday,	October	6th.
Joe Beeson's,	Thusday,	"	7th.
Kernersville,	Friday,	"	8th.
Crim's X Roads,	Saturday,	"	9th.
Salem Chapel,	Monday,	"	11th.
Stewart's,	Tuesday,	"	12th.
Bitting's Store,	Wednesday,	"	13th.
Elijah Reel's,	Thursday,	"	14th.
Brookstown,	Friday,	"	15th.
Old Town,	Saturday,	"	16th.
Lewisville,	Monday,	"	18th.
Hampton's,	Tuesday,	"	19th.
Winston,	Wednesday,	"	20th.
Salem,	Thursday,	"	21st.

State Tax—For general purposes, 25 cents on $100 valuation of real and personal property.

State Tax—For Schools, 12½ cents on $100 valuation of real and personal property.

County Tax—For general county purposes, 21 cents on $100 valuation of real and personal property.

County Tax—Roads, 8 cents on $100 valuation of real and personal property. Poll tax, $2.00.

JOHN BOYER, Sheriff.
Sept. 23—tf.

POMONA HILL

NURSERIES!!

POMONA, N. C.

THESE NURSERIES ARE LOCATED 2¾ miles west of Greensboro, at the junction of the Richmond & Danville and Salem Branch Railroads. There you can find

One and a Half Million of Trees and Vines Growing.

Parties wanting Trees, &c., are respectfully invited to call and examine stock and learn the extent of these Nurseries. Stock consists of all the leading and new varieties of Apple, Peach, Pear, (Standard and Dwarf), Plums, Apricots, Grapes, Cherries, Mulberries, Nectarines, Figs, Quinces, Gooseberries Raspberries, Currants, Pecans, English Walnuts, Japanese Persimmons, Strawberries, Shrubs, Roses, Evergreens, Shade Trees &c.; and in fact everything of the hardy class usually kept in a first-class Nursery,

SUITABLE FOR NORTH CAROLINA and the Southern Border States.

New Fruits of special note are the Yellow Transparent Apple, Lady Ingold Peach, the Lawson, Keiffer, Lucy Duke and Beauffort Pears, Lutie, Niagara and Georgia Grape, Wofford's Winter.

☞ DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE FREE.

Correspondence solicited. Special inducements to large planters.

Address, J. VAN LINDLEY,
No. 29-3m. Pomona, Guilford Co., N. C.

E. A. GRIFFITH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WINSTON, N. C.

OFFICE OVER CLARK & FORD'S STORE.

Will practice in Superior, Supreme and Federal Courts. Strict attention given to all business, especially to collection of claims.

☞ Will negotiate loans on the best of security. Mar. 4, '86—tf.

CEDAR COVE NURSERIES.

Over One Million Fruit Trees, Vines & Plants

suitable for permanent orchard planting and stock for Nurserymen.

Every desirable variety of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Apricot, Nectarine, Plum, Grapes, Strawberries, &c., at the most reasonable rates.

Call or write before ordering elsewhere and learn the extent of these Nurseries. Stock unrivalled,—straight, nice, thrifty. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Catalogue sent free. Address

N. W. CRAFT,
SHORE, YADKIN Co., N. C.

WHY PAY

from $400.00 to $500.00 for a PLANER and MATCHER, when you can get one that will do as good and as much work for $300.00 of the SALEM IRON WORKS Salem, N. C.

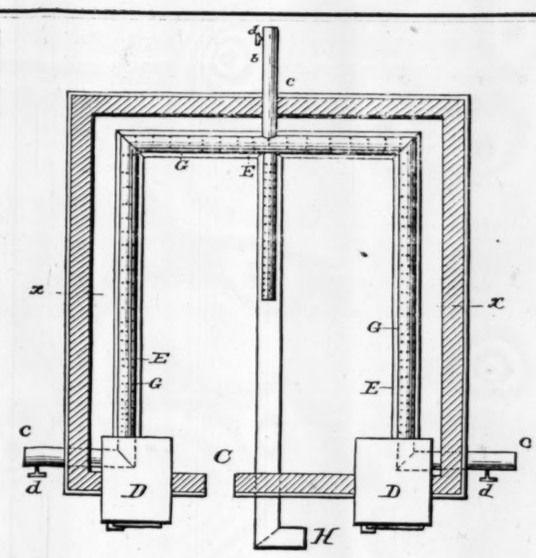
HARDWARE.

McCormick MOWERS & REAPERS.	MACHINERY of all kinds.	HARNESS of all styles.
Clipper and F. F. PLOWS.	ENGINES & BOILERS.	Manufactured by us and Guaranteed
Hoes, Traces,	Mill Supplies,	1st CLASS.
Hames, &c.	Belting and Oils.	Patent Riveted Collars.
	Corn and Flour Mills.	

A Large Line of COOK STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

☞ Special attention to Wholesale Trade. Come and see us, or write for prices.

BROWN, ROGERS & CO., Winston, N. C.
March 25-6m.



HARDWICKE & WELLS'

Patent Tobacco Heat Regulator.

It has been proved in this section that the HEAT REGULATOR is a most valuable invention, and that the testimonials given at Marshall, N. C., are not overdrawn, by the following testimonial from Mr. Y. S. Lawrence, of Davidson county, which reads as follows, viz:

CLEMMONSVILLE, N. C., August 28th, 1886.

MESSRS. GIERSH, SENSEMAN & Co.

Dear Sirs:—I have used the HEAT REGULATOR that I bought of you and I find that it excels anything that I have ever used in the way of curing nice tobacco. I cut a barn of tobacco on the 23rd of August and had it cured by the 26th, by using the REGULATOR. It saves time and wood, and I can pick 100 pounds of smokers out of the barn that I have cured, which I think will pay for the REGULATOR. I was benefited at least $25.00 on the barn.

Y. S. LAWRENCE.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Sept. 25th, 1886.

MESSRS. GIERSH, SENSEMAN & Co.

Gents:—The Patent Heat Regulator bought of you last week gives entire satisfaction in every respect. No farmer should be without one. My tobacco was very green and heavy on the hill, notwithstanding I have made a very good cure. I was benefited on the 1st barn at least $25.00, and on the 2nd a great deal more. My neighbors whose tobacco grew on sandy land and was very much better on the hill, cured with common flues, can not compare at all with mine. Yours Truly

ALEXANDER EVANS.

EAST BEND, N. C., October 2nd, 1886.

MESSRS. GIERSH, SENSEMAN & Co.

Gents:—I have had one barn of tobacco cured with the Hardwicke and Well's Patent Heat Regulator, and can say without reserve that it surpasses anything I have seen for curing fine tobacco. My tobacco was green, heavy and rough on the hill, and was cured nice and yellow. I think I was benefited 3 or 4 dollars on the barn and advise the farmers to use the Regulator in curing their tobacco.

DAVID SMITHERMAN.

We hear of parties in different sections of the country who are trying to imitate the Heat Regulator by running perforated boxing through the barn between the flues. We merely say that the Patent on the Regulator covers all cold air flues running into the barn for the purpose of conducting cold air and that *any infringements will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.*

Any information in regard to the REGULATOR and the cure of bright tobacco will be given by Mr. J. L. PITMON,
Care of GIERSH, SENSEMAN & Co., SALEM, N. C.

PRICE OF REGULATOR.

1 Regulator for a single return flue	. . . .	$20.00.
1 " " " double " "	. . . .	22.00.

FOR SALE IN THIS SECTION ONLY BY

GIERSH, SENSEMAN & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

STOVES, TINWARE, TOBACCO FLUES, FLUE IRON, &C., &C.,

SIGN BIG COFFEE POT,

MAIN STREET, SALEM, N. C.

Salem, N. C., Sept. 2, 1886-1m.

C. E. BENNETT. J. A. BENNETT.

WINSTON MARBLE WORKS!

BENNETT BROS.,

DEALERS IN

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS,

HEADSTONES, TABLETS, MANTELS, &c., &c.,

SPECIAL DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Opposite Brown's Warehouse, Main Street, WINSTON, N. C.

No. 28-tf.—July 15, 1886.

EARTHQUAKES & WONDERS

THE NORTH CAROLINA

FurniturE StorE.

SELL ELEGANT GOODS

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

R. STEVENS,

Corner 4th and Cherry Street, Winston.

No, 36—3m.

FARMERS LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

Dissolved Bone Phosphate For Wheat.

D. S. REID

will sell his well known DISSOLVED BONE PHOSPHATE FOR WHEAT at

$24 per ton CASH, and $28 per ton TIME.

Fresh lot just received. Be sure and see him before you buy.
He is also receiving a LARGE AND WELL SELECTED

STOCK OF GOODS OF ALL KINDS,

WHICH HE HAS BOUGHT AT

PANIC PRICES,

and which he expects to give his customers the benefit of.

Thanking his friends for their very liberal support in the past, hoping by close attention to business and fair dealings with all, to merit a continuance of their patronage.

Winston, N. C., Sept. 16th, 1886.

BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE

M. M. STEIN, PROPRIETOR, - - - MAIN STREET, WINSTON, N. C.

NEXT WEEK, - (GRANITE FRONT.) OF THE

LOOK OUT FOR THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISEMENT

FOR SUBMARINE WARFARE

TRIP OF A NEW TORPEDO BOAT UNDER WATER.

Navigating the Depths of the Hudson River in a Queer Craft—Secret Motive Power.

The Peacemaker is the name given to the newest specimen of submarine naval architecture. It is claimed for her that she distances all her predecessors in her availability for purposes of submarine warfare, and in the course of a trial exhibition she did some remarkable things.

The exhibition took place in the presence of a number of gentlemen on board a tug moored in the North River, off Eighty-sixth street, and of a large crowd of persons who lined the shore. Besides her pilot and engineer—the only two hands necessary to work the boat—the first voyagers under water in her were a *Herald* reporter and Dr. Sloane, a scientific expert.

The boat is described as a submarine monitor. She is thirty feet long, with seven and a half feet depth of hold and eight and a half feet beam. The lines of the lower half of the hull are not unlike those of other boats. The deck has a sloping surface. The boat is constructed of iron and steel. The pilot looks out through a dome one foot high and fourteen inches in diameter, with narrow slot lights on each side through which he can see in all directions. This dome is well forward; near the stern is the turret hatchway, the only entrance into the vessel. Horizontal rudders on the sides near the stern cause the boat to ascend or descend at the will of the pilot, and a common rudder back of the screw guides her laterally. Water tanks that can be filled and emptied in short order lower and raise the monitor vertically without the use of the rudders. By a chemical device the air in the hold may be purified, and Professor J. H. L. Tuck, the inventor of the boat, claims that the crew might remain in her for several days without a fresh supply. Pipes to store compressed air, however, are provided for ordinary use.

Though all its parts are protected by patents the most jealously guarded secret of the Peacemaker is her motive power—the chief problem to be solved in the construction of such craft. The power is obtained through some chemical composition, of which caustic soda is an important factor, and by a purification process, it is alleged, the same "fuel" may be used over and over again. The distinguishing advantage of the boat, it is claimed, consists in the ease with which its Captain can sail under an enemy, and by a device in the roof release dynamite torpedoes at will, controlling their discharge by an electric wire when they have been lodged under the enemy's keel.

The Peacemaker sailed as well under as above water. The *Herald* reporter was preceded into the cradle lit interior by John G. Holland, the pilot—no relation to the inventor of the Nautilus—and John H. Klyne, the engineer. These are both young men of intelligence, who are thoroughly conversant with the boat's working. The reporter dropped down through the hatchway. Before he had become accustomed to the dim light Engineer Klyne closed the hatch in the turret and turned a wheel which screwed it down tight. Men on the tug cast off the hawsers.

"Give it to her!" sang out Captain Holland from his place under the pilot cage. A simple motion of the engine lever started the engine. It worked smoothly and well. The monitor plowed its way toward the middle of the Hudson. She sped along entirely submerged with the exception of the two turrets.

A steamer passed. The pilot gave the information, for he was the only man on board who could see out; but in a moment more the reporter felt the Peacemaker rocking in the big swell like a cradle.

"Give her some more," came from the pilot.

Another motion of the engine lever. The boat darted ahead at a speed of eight miles an hour. Then the pilot grasped the lever controlling the horizontal rudders and gave it a pull. A slight pitch forward was the intimation the reporter had that the boat was making a dive. She was headed up stream. The swash of the water on the deck became hushed, the light filtering through the slats in the pilot cage grew dim and went out. Only the candles lit up the interior and threw fantastic shadows of engine pipes and of the deadly torpedo machinery upon the side walls of the hold.

"Fifteen feet, going North," called Pilot Holland. "Give her more speed."

Fifteen feet under water and going at the rate of eight miles an hour!

Asked his sensations, the *Herald* reporter would have said he was in the engine room of a river steamer. No unpleasant effects were noticeable, there was no more heat than that caused by the working of the machinery.

The speed of the engine was increased.

"Thirty feet. We're now going south," said the pilot for the benefit of the reporter.

"When did we come around?" asked the latter.

The turn had been made so easily and surely that only the steersman knew of it. He was guided by a compass in front of him.

"Stop her!" was the order given shortly after, and in obedience to it the engine ceased to work. All was still. Three seconds after, daylight shone through the glass in the pilot dome and the rippling water at the surface lapped gently upon the steel armored deck. The monitor had been under water nineteen minutes.

She came to the top more than half a mile from the place of submersion. The tugboat was away down the river. On the way to rejoin her another dive of ten minutes' duration was made, and a depth of twenty-five feet was attained. The divers landed in three-quarters of an hour and received a warm welcome in the shape of a cheer and a handshake from the sightseers who "didn't care to go down."

Recently the crew took the boat fifty feet under water and came to the surface without her. She was raised by a derrick. They did this to show that if everything else failed those on board could still escape unharmed.—*New York Herald.*

Federal Losses at Gettysburg.

The losses of the Federal troops at Gettysburg, according to official data recently issued in pamphlet form by the War Department, were as follows:

Corps	Number Present for Duty.		Killed, Wounded, Captured or Missing.
First	10,355	It lost	6,034
Second	13,656	It lost	4,350
Third	12,630	It lost	4,210
Fifth	13,211	It lost	2,187
Sixth	15,710	It lost	242
Eleventh	10,576	It lost	3,801
Twelfth	8,597	It lost	1,081
Cavalry	10,192	It lost	849
Artillery	2,868	It lost	242
Total	97,195	Total	22,996

Wheat is the only crop which can be produced in Southern California without irrigation.

Some Costly New York Buildings.

The cost of some of the big buildings which now so often attract attention in New York may be given thus:

Tribune building	$1,000,000
Drexel building	1,500,000
O. B. Potter building	2,000,000
Stewart building	2,000,000
Cyrus W. Field building	2,500,000
D. O. Mills building	2,500,000
Produce Exchange	5,000,000

In addition to the above are many other business edifices of large cost; and then there are the great apartment houses up town, a number of which each cost more than a million.—*Troy Times.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

A glove must be long or it is nothing.

Promenade costumes are severely plain.

Orange and gray are a frequent combination.

Faille Francaise will be much worn this autumn.

Paniers and wing drapery are decidedly pronounced.

White camel's hair is much used for 5 o'clock tea gowns.

Straw embroidery is one of the novelties for dress trimming.

Velvet jackets, sleeveless, of course, are worn with lace dresses.

Tulle nesse is a new tulle of gossamer fineness for veiling bonnets.

The Woman's Relief Corps, of Massachusetts, has 4,745 members.

Rhinestones and cut steel buckles are used for fastening velvet belts.

Satin in combination with lace is to be a favorite for the coming season.

White silk vests, braided with gold of a pale tint, are worn with blue tailor-made dresses.

Straw bonnets and hats of dark shades, the latter faced with velvet, will be worn late in the autumn.

Linen duck is used for tailor-made dresses and is made up in the same manner as woolen material.

Light summer toilets of bayadere striped material have overskirt and sleeves of figured material.

Dresses of woollen material are now made so light that they are not a burden even in the warmest weather.

Jet continues in high favor and is seen in great variety. Jet galloon is used for trimming skirts and bodices.

The old-time fashion of pinked flounces of India silk upon thin cotton dresses is revived this season.

Tussore silk is most serviceable for constant wear. It dyes and cleans well. It is made from Indian wild silk.

It has become quite the rage to have sermons, lectures, associations, clubs, etc., exclusively for the gentler sex.

In felt bonnets and hats for autumn wear the shapes do not vary in any great degree from those worn during the summer.

Ribbon is used in profusion on all summer toilets in the form of bows of every description—ladders, bridles, sashes and ends.

A French dressmaker tells an American correspondent that she paid $12 to an artist to learn how to make a certain bow.

Afternoon dresses of faille lined with lace have overdresses of figured silk, having the same colored ground as the plain faille.

Queen Margharita of Italy has chosen a woman physician, Signora Margarita Farne, one of the first Italian women to study medicine.

In Philadelphia there are said to be at least fifty women who possess fortunes of $500,000, and there are over a dozen who are millionaires.

Birds' wings and feathers are shown in great variety, although it was hoped that popular feeling was opposed to the slaughter of the innocents.

A university for women, founded by private capital, is to be established at Moscow. It will have these faculties: Mathematical, physical and philological.

Some girls and young women are beginning to part and wave their hair in the fashion so becoming to a certain type of face, in vogue a dozen years ago.

Mrs. Mary Stamps, principal of the Normal School at New Orleans, is a niece of Jefferson Davis, and is a woman of large influence in educational circles in the South.

Two daughters of the Prince of Wales, whose ages are sixteen and fourteen respectively, have made the tricycle famous. They think nothing of taking a run of fifty miles a day.

The bridesmaids at a recent London wedding were so arranged as to "lead the eye down to the bride's train. Two very little girls marched behind the bride and the other eight maids were arranged according to height, with two perfect gre adiers of girls as file-closers.

The latest fashion for wearing the hair in New York is like Mrs. Cleveland's. One or two young ladies on the street, with their hair arranged in the Cleveland style, have looked astonishingly like the President's bride. There is nothing so altr ts one as any new or different arrangement of the hair.

"The women appear to do all the work," writes Colonel Watterson of the Swiss. It is not uncommon to see a girl and a dog hitched to a cart and trotting along together like a pair of ponies. The men, great strapping fellows, idle and lazy, loaf about the basseries. Their wives, daughters and sisters till the fields and supply the markets.

A new industry for women is announced, that of "lampers." These lampers go from house to house each morning to fill and trim lamps. Practice makes perfect, and they are able to guarantee perfect light, well-cared-for lamps and highly polished chimneys. These lampers are a comfort to many a housekeeper, and their charges are not excessive.

Ten years ago a paper box maker died in New Orleans, leaving his widow with nothing but a knowledge of his trade. She went to work in her attic room making boxes, and was so successful in getting orders that she soon had more than she could do. She hired help, added room after room, and now employs thirty-five hands. She travels for her own house, taking long drumming tours through Texas and Louisiana, and is getting rich fast.

Why the Conductor's Jaw Fell.

One of those smart Alexanders who travel on his check and the inability of the public to change $20 bills for a glass of soda, got on a Pennsylvania avenue car the other day and tendered the aforesaid $20 for his fare. Of course the conductor could not change it and so he got his ride free. This was repeated until the conductor got tired of it, and after the fourth or fifth time of its repetition he determined to get even with the fellow. By visiting the toll-house, and by other means unknown, the manipulator of the bell punch managed to scrape up $19.95 in pennies.

Placing these in a little bucket he quietly awaited the appearance of his victim, having posted the driver and some other intimate friends who happened to be on board. When the unsuspecting man with the plethoric pocket book put in an appearance and promptly produced the "twenty," with many apologies, the conductor pocketed the bill and produced his little bucket, and amid the grins of the spectators presented it to his customer. The young man looked pretty cheap, and after feeling the heft of the bucket thoughtfully got off the car and disappeared around a corner. Then the conductor took the bill from his pocket and proceeded to fold it up nicely so that it would fit into a convenient corner of his pocketbook. Something in the appearance of the bill caught his eye, and, as he examined it a little closer, his jaw dropped about a foot. The bill was a counterfeit. The young man had also been laying for the conductor.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

A musical attachment for bicycles has been invented, by which the rider can grind out all the popular melodies as he pedals along. The thing is called the melocipede.

The more able a man is, if he makes ill use of his abilities, the more dangerous he is to the community.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In a paper to the London Entomological Society, Mr. J. W. Slater showed that all brightly-colored insects do not live upon flowers, as Mr. Grant Allen has asserted, but that many species are carnivorous.

An immense quantity of jewelry is now made from the layers of gold alloy upon an ingot of brass, formed while it is hot. On the ingot cooling it is formed between steel rollers into a long thin ribbon, each part of which is of course still covered with the gold alloy, incalculably thin, but which wears for years, and can be molded into any shape.

If the levels of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans at the Isthmus of Panama are the same, there will be no need of locks in the Panama Canal; but locks will be required if there is a difference of level between the two oceans. Mons. De Lesseps has been assured by a scientific commission, who investigated the question for him, that the levels are the same, but he wants a committee appointed by the Paris Academy of Sciences to make further inquiry into the matter.

The amount of matter in solution annually poured into the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi is estimated at 150,000,000 tons, at which rate one foot of land over the whole basin would be removed in 4,000 years. Similar calculations applied to the St. Lawrence, La Plata, and the Amazon reach the result that 100 tons per square mile are removed from the American continent every year. Again, it is calculated that not less than one cubic mile of earth is deposited every year in the Atlantic from America, Africa, Europe and Asia.

An English newspaper states that evidences of a post-glacial forest have been discovered on the western outskirts of Hull, about a mile from the Humber, and one and a half from the river Hull. Workmen engaged in a brickyard in the locality named, on cutting through the clean warp clay about twelve feet, have come across a forest bed on an irregular surface of the drift, on the top of which is a greenish sandy clay, with pebbles and stones. The roots of the trees are standing where they grew, and from their closeness represent the remains of a dense forest. The forest bed is now at the low water level of the sea. A stone implement has been found on the surface of the drift.

Mr. A Sanson, in an article in a recent number of the *Revue Scientifique*, states that, from a comparison of animal and steam power, in France at least, the former is the cheaper motor. In the conversion of chemical to mechanical energy, ninety per cent. is lost in the machine, against sixty-eight in the animal. He finds that the steam horse power, contrary to what is generally believed, is often materially exceeded by the horse. The cost of traction on the Montparnasse-Bastille line of railway he found to be for each car, daily, fifty-seven francs, while the same work done by the horse cost only forty-seven francs; and he believes that, for moderate powers, the conversion of chemical into mechanical energy is more economically affected through animals than through steam engines.

Chestnut, pea and buckwheat coals, formerly allowed to go to waste in the huge piles of "culm" which accumulate near every mine, have, within the last fifteen years, been successively separated from the worthless material by processes that have been invented to meet the need. The *ne plus ultra* seems to have been reached in an air-blast, which not only transports the waste from the breaker to the refuse heap at one-sixth the cost of the old method by mule carts, but before depositing it in its final resting place, by means of a graded series of screens, takes from it and sorts out into the different sizes all the good fuel. The "buck wheat" is found to be just the stuff for making steam on the Hudson River boats. The cost of carrying the culm from the breaker to the dumps has heretofore been, at a low estimate, $20,000 per day in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania.

WISE WORDS.

Strong character, like strong muscle, come from activity, from warfare, not retreat.

I was never happy till I gave up trying to be a great man, and was willing to be nobody.

Nature is frank, and will allow no man to abuse himself without giving him a hint of it.

Contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

You must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin.

A man protesting against error is in the highway toward uniting himself with all men who believe in truth.

Wickedness may prosper for a while, but in the long run, he that sets all knaves at work will pay them.

Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

Some are brave one day and cowards another, as great captains have told me, from their own experience and observation.

The Crown Jewels of England.

The jewel-house in the Tower of London contains the crown jewels, inclosed in an immense glass case, where they are on exhibition to visitors. They do not include many gems of ancient date, as the royal regalia was sold during the time of the Commonwealth. On the accession of Charles II, a new crown was made, but only a few of the old gems could be repurchased for it. This crown forms a part of the present collection of crown jewels, also the crown made for the Queen of James II., and her ivory scepter, the crown made for George IV., Prince of Wales, and that of the late Prince Consort; also the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, which contains gems valued at $600,000. The most remarkable stone in the diamond collection is the Koh-i-noor, or mountain of light, a stone which once belonged to Runjert Singh, the ruler of Lahore, India. It weighed before cutting 186 karats. Another remarkable stone is a ruby diamond that was worn by the Black Prince. Besides these are numbers of other precious stones, also articles of gold and silver studded with gems, the royal spurs, swords, bracelets, etc., and the basin in which all the royal infants are christened, and the spoons and cups with which they are fed. These are all included in what are understood as the "crown jewels."—*Inter-Ocean.*

An Intercepted Letter.

To Miss Millie O. Naire, Bankville, Cash County: Deare$t Millie—Though it may $eem $trange to your father, it will not appear $ingular to you that I $hould love you for your$elf alone. Yet it would pain me to have anyone think that my motive could be double rather than $ingle. What am I to do? You are an heire$$. I am not. I cannot even claim to be an heir, much le$$ a million heir. Let u$ be frank. I love you. You love me, do you not, for my$elf alone? Then we are equal$. Leave your father and trust to me. I will cheri$h you to the la$t. With me your heart and your dollar$ will be $ecure. Bring all the money you can with you, but never mind the odd change. Re-lentle$$ly, for $weetne$$ or $orrow, your$, Augutu Penny Coachman.—*Boston Transcript.*

Recently published English records show that there are 725,000 more females than males in England.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Garden Vegetables.

In growing garden vegetables, observes the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, it is even more important to grow them on a soil exactly adapted to them than the general farm crops, because the markets are so crowded with garden products that it is only those who grow the best products that get good prices, and those who expect to succeed in this business must grow their crops not only on land which will produce good quality, but also land that is easily worked. While by superior management almost any land may be made to produce a good crop, even of that which it is not naturally adapted to, the same skill and labor expended on a soil that is naturally adapted to the crop will secure the same amount at one-half the cost; thus, while on the unfavorable soil the crop would be produced at a loss, on the favorable soil it would be produced at a large profit. The gardener that has to be continually contending with a soil that is unfavorable to the crops he grows has all the time a drag on him that is entirely unnecessary, and the sooner he drops it the better will it be for him.

Warts on Horses.

A correspondent in Vermont writes as follows:

"I have a three-year-old colt that is afflicted with large warts on various parts of his body and limbs. Will you give your readers some information in regard to warts on horses, and some remedy that will effect a permanent cure of the same?"

About all that can be definitely said as to the cause of warts on horses, is that they are of a scrofulous or cancerous nature, a disease of the skin; but the cause of the same is by no means clearly understood. Not knowing the cause of the disease, it cannot be intelligently treated with a view to prevention, and about all that can be done is to remove the wart with a knife, or by means of caustics or the hot iron.

Some can be removed quite easily where they are of considerable size (length), either by cutting off with the knife or by strangulation, as with a fine wire or cord tied tightly around the neck of the wart. In a day or so it will probably drop off; but if it does not, the cord may be tightened until it does. Flat warts can be eaten or corroded away by applying caustic (with care), as by the application of nitric acid, or butter of antimony, applied with a feather. Or it may be burnt out with a hot iron. Sometimes they may be removed by use of an ointment composed of one part arsenic and four parts lard, applying a little daily for a few days. However, in all these treatments with caustics the greatest of care should be exercised not to burn the adjacent skin and flesh. The treatment is heroic, certainly.—*Independent.*

Improved Dairying.

In a recent lecture before the Royal Dublin Society, Professor Arnold said: "There is no way in which fertilization can be so promoted as by dairy farming. Butter takes nothing from the soil that affects its fertilization in the way that wheat and other crops do. When the settlement of the United States began on the coast of the Atlantic it was for a long time a struggle for life, and the successive raising of crops resulted in the exhaustion of the land. Now the necessity has been forced upon them of refertilizing the land by means of dairying.

The growth of the art has been of late years very marked, and from small beginnings America has now 14,500,000 milch cows, 9,000,000 of which are employed in making butter and 1,000,000 in the making of cheese. The idea exists in the States that if they can only make the butter fine enough they may double the price. This is to some extent a mistake. For fancy butter, called gilt edged, high prices are paid, but while care should be taken that the butter should be as nearly perfect as possible, the effort should rather be in the direction of reducing cost.

The first point is to select animals that will convert food into milk at the least expense. Beef making and milk making cannot go together. Farmers could no more do this than they can get a race horse and a draught horse in the same animal. The general purpose cow is not profitable, and it does not pay to detract from the milk producer to put on beef.

Cows are often unequally fed. Those who produce butter at less cost do it chiefly on ensilage, which may be used nearly all the year round, from early in the fall until late in the spring. In the middle of summer it is generally not employed.

The control of the animal is one of the most productive sources of milk. An efficient source of utilizing food is to give the cows their food warm and to give them their water warm. Giving cows their water at a temperature of 70 degrees to 80 degrees is found to make a difference of twenty to twenty-five per cent. in the production, without decreasing of the milk or the butter. Another great change in profitable dairying is to unite the efforts of dairymen and work together. By the aid of the creamery movement three persons in a factory will do with the aid of machinery what would take fifty persons independently to accomplish. Again the buyer knows when he has tested one sample at the factory that he has learned the quality of the whole. Thus, beside a reduction in the cost, dairymen increase values. Professor Arnold emphasized the importance of having technical instruction in the art of manufacture.

It is an easy matter to increase the percentage of water in milk by giving the cows certain kinds of food, and there are some breeds of cows that give milk containing more dry solids than that of other breeds.

Farm and Garden Notes.

All kinds of field mice are rapidly disappearing in England. The dormouse is reported as nearly extinct in several counties.

Give verbenas a rather rich but light soil if you wish to have vigorous plants producing an abundance of large trusses of flowers.

Let your onions grow until the tops fall, then pull them up. They should be allowed to become dry and be stowed in a cool place.

Milk sold at three cents a quart pays about the same net as butter sold for twenty-eight cents a pound, says an Eastern expert.

Make a harness fit properly and a horse can wear it without distress, provided that it is also kept decently cleaned and comfortably soft.

All small apples and others defective in form or damaged by worms have their best market on the farm as food for animals. If packed with sound fruit, even in small proportion, they reduce the price of all often to the point of loss.

A contemporary truly says: One of the worst misfortunes to a pig is to have a shiftless owner, one who is so heedless and coarse that he is not ashamed of making his pork in filth. Such a man is hard to redeem, but it is hard on the pig.

Ivy or any vine that runs perpendicularly up a tree does not injure it unless branches from the vine extend along the branches and by its mass of leaves smother the leaves of the tree. Vines like Wistaria, that coil around a trunk, do injure trees.

Poultry farming doesn't take a great deal of land, but with good management the harvest comes every day; and though it is small its multiplication by all the days of the year makes a sum that compares favorably with more pretentious ventures.

The Southdown possesses a power and capacity of transmitting its characteristics to the offspring and absorbing the distinctive features of other breeds that no other sheep has except the merino. This quality is doubtless owing to its purity and antiquity of blood compared with other breeds of medium and coarse wool.

For working purposes, the mule is more economical than the horse. It eats less and will do as much work. Sickness among mules is an exception. It costs less to keep them, less to shoe them—for their feet are much harder than those of the horse—and they are more patient than the horse.

A Tennessee farmer made an application of one handful of ground sulphur and the same of salt to about a peck of ashes, mixed together thoroughly, then applied it to the collars of the apple trees that were badly affected with the borer. He says the remedy killed the worms and saved the trees.

Encourage the breeding of any class of horses that are better than those already in your vicinity. Improvement, if slow, is better than going backward. Do not breed from cross-road stallions because they are cheap. A neighborhood of farmers may easily club together and bring a good draft stallion to improve their stock.

Start new plants if you want any young ones for the house next winter. Select cuttings which break readily when bent, Insert in sand, in shallow boxes, and keep the sand very moist. Never allow it to dry out or your cuttings will be ruined. In two weeks cuttings of most kinds of plants will have rooted. When two or three leaves have grown put the young plants in small pots.

Happy is the apple grower, says the *Farm Journal*, who has a few acres of naturally drained side soil, mellow and porous, and deep enough to permit the roots of his trees to go down out of reach of plow, or drouth, or frost, and anchor themselves in the very depths of the earth. Such is not easy to find, and particularly in large bodies, but whenever it is found by all means give the apple a chance at it.

If farmers will grow a field of fodder corn they will find that it requires less labor in proportion to yield of produce than any other crop that can be grown. It may be sown very thickly in the rows, and should be harvested just when in the milky state, so as to arrest the nutritive matter in the stalk as it is passing on its ways to the ears. Such a crop is quickly grown, needs no hoeing, can be cultivated one way and can be carried as soon as cut directly to the barn for storage.

Those who have once mastered the weeds in their garden will never be satisfied to go back to the practice of fighting the weeds during the spring and summer, and permitting enough to seed in the autumn that the fight may be continued each year, but they will carefully look over the garden during the latter part of the season that they may remove any weeds that have escaped the hoe or the cultivator. Do not give up the battle with the weeds until the cold weather prevents them from ripening their seed.

Amoniacal odors prevail in all stables at this season if they are not kept very clean. The best plan for doing this is to give the stalls an overhauling in the morning, removing the bedding at the same time. Such a method will admit the air to every portion of the floors and thoroughly dry them, thus preventing filth and greatly assisting to promote the health of the stock. Escaping gases, bad odors and dampness are at the root of nearly all the evils that befall stock when confined in the stables and yards.

Stonewall Jackson's Flank Attack at Chancellorsville.

From General O. O. Howard's article in the *Century*, we quote as follows: "Somebody's guns thundered away for a few, short minutes, and then came the fitful rattle of musketry; and before I could again get into the saddle there arose the ceaseless roar of the terrible storm.

"I sent out my chief of staff, Colonel Asmussen, who was the first officer to mount—'The firing is in front of Devens, go and see if all is in order on the extreme right.' He instantly turned and galloped away. I mounted and set off for a prominent place in rear of Schurz's line, so as to change front to the north-west of every brigade south-east of the point of attack, if the attack extended beyond Deven's right flank; for it was divined at once that the enemy was now west of him. I could see numbers of our men—not the few stragglers that always fly like the chaff at the first breeze, but scores of them—rushing into the opening, some with arms and some without, running or falling before they got behind the cover of Deven's reserves, and before General Schurz's waiting masses could deploy or charge. The noise and the smoke filled the air with excitement, and to add to it Dieckmann's guns and caissons, with battery men scattered, rolled and tumbled like runaway wagons and carts in a thronged city. The guns and the masses of the right brigade struck the second line of Devens before McLean's front had given way, and, quicker than it could be told, with all the fury of the wildest hail storm, everything, every sort of organization that lay in the path of the mad current of panic-stricken men, had to give way and be broken into fragments.

"My own horse seemed to catch the fury; he sprang, he rose high on his hind legs and fell over, throwing me to the ground. My aide-de camp, Dessauer, was struck by a shot and killed, and for a few moments I was as helpless as any of the men who were speeding without arms to the rear. But faithful orderlies helped me to remount.

"I rode quickly to the reserve batteries. A staff officer of General Hooker, Lieutenant-Colonel Dickinson, joined me there; my own staff gathered around me. I was eager to fill the trenches which Barlow would have held. Buschbeck's second line was ordered to change front there. His men kept their ranks, but at first they appeared slow. 'Will they never get there?'

"Dickinson said: 'Oh, General, see those men coming from that hill way off to the right, and there's the enemy after them. Fire, oh, fire at them; you may stop the flight!'

"'No, Colonel,' I said, 'I will never fire on my own men!'"

A Persian Artist.

Picture humble artists clad in white or green turbans and flowing tunics, seated on their heels upon a rug in an open booth by the bustling wayside, or under a spreading *chenar* in the marketplace. Around him on their knees are seated his *chagirds*, or assistants, who aid him in his labors. He makes his colors after recipes learned from his father or master, and devises varnishes of his own, which add a deliciously mellow effect to the delicate designs over which he devotes such patient and loving toil.

His customers are his only critics; when they approach his booth he courteously invites them to examine his productions with a "bismillah," and the offer of a pipe and a cup of tea, or, with his works carefully wrapped up and borne by a chagird, he goes forth and exhibits them at the houses of purchasers who send for him. His ambition is gratified when he can stroll at eventide or on a Friday with dignified mien to the tea-house or the public gardens counting his beads, repeating verses from the Koran or stanzas from Hafiz, and in restful mood devising new designs for the morrow. Whether he sells his paintings or finds them a drug on his hands, he is resigned, for it is the will of Allah, "to whom be praise."—*Century.*

A new mineral found in Missouri cuts steel yet keeps its edge.

ON A TROPICAL PLATEAU.

WHAT MAY BE SEEN OF AN AFTERNOON IN MEXICO.

Cumbersome Mexican Vehicles Fifteen Feet High—Market Women—A Ranchero and His Dress.

Thomas Wallace writes from Zacatecas, Mexico, to the Detroit *Free Press* as follows: The air is clear and cool, and the sky is set with a few bright, fleecy, floating clouds, such as the artist is won't to paint in his pictures. The cloud shadows are passing over the canyon, along the valley and up the mountain side. Here they present that bright contrast and many beautiful combinations which nature forms by means of sunshine and shadow. The mountain slopes far and near are covered with the thorny chaparral, the century plant, the many wild flowers of the tropics, and the wild tuna (prickly pear) which is now laden with the most delicious and wholesome fruit which we have yet found in the tropics.

Here, too, we see a flock of goats quietly grazing under the care of a patriarchal-looking shepherd, who is seated on an ancient boulder beside his dog and crook. Another flock, preparatory to early milking time, is wending its way down the mountain to the goat corral. On the summit we see a number of lame and galled back burros, which, because of their age and infirmities, have been turned adrift to die in the mountains. In the distance we see a long freight train moving across the plateau. It is composed of cumbersome carts, each drawn by six mules.

These carts are sometimes ten feet wide, with three shafts made of hewn timber about six inches square. The wheels are about as high as those of the old-time log cart, and are often run without tires, but in this case each felloe is from six to ten inches square, so tires are not needed. One form of wagon bed is unknown here, but in place of it they build a single room house on a balance over the axle, using the rear half of the shafts for sills. It is built of square timber or round poles, with floors and walls made of green cow skin. They are sometimes fifteen feet high, and are usually covered with a kind of coarse bagging. There is no door to the structure, hence everything must be loaded in over the top, at the gable ends. When a long caravan composed of these carts is seen moving slowly over the plain, each loaded with almost every class and kind of products known to the tropics, one can then form a better idea of the resources of this country, but when we look at the tackle of the mules and the odd and ancient garb of the drivers and the ranchero, we can form a still better idea of the harness fashions of antiquity. Well, I hardly know how to describe this procession; but, in the language of the Arkansaw *Traveler*, everything "appears wonderfully out of kilter."

In the distance beyond we see a great cloud of dust rising in the plain. This is the signal that the evening stage will soon be here, and also that it is lightly loaded, and that the mules are coming "in full tilt."

It is the evening hour, and the market women are passing out of the city. One is riding a spry little donkey that seems anxious to get home. She is closely wrapped in a shawl and carries a baby in her lap, while her husband follows on behind, driving the donkey. The whole is a fine representation, recalling pictures of the flight into Egypt.

A peon on board his burro is passing out to the distant hacienda. Now he dismounts to take his drink at the wayside pulqueria; but there is no hitching post. What shall he do? Ah! he is equal to the emergency, for he has hitched his donkey to its own hind foot. Over the way there is a humble jacal. It has but one room, with a dirt floor and decayed canvas roof. The chickens are picking each other for their respective positions on the roost in one end, while the family and a pet goat are taking their supper in the other. Soon the front entrance will be closed by means of suspended gunny bags, after which the happy family will bid adieu to all things external until day.

Now the ranchero of the caravan is passing. He is mounted on a fine horse, which is prancing under a silver-mounted saddle. This is made so strong and fastened so tight that we often see a pair of horses draw a heavy load when hitched by the saddle horns. The fenders and panels are very large and richly embroidered with colored thread and silver tinsel. In place of saddlebags there is a pair of baguerillos. These are long, black, hairy appendages fastened to the rear of the saddle, and hang half way to the ground on either side. They have long pockets on the inside, and the whole in the distance resembles a half side of undressed bear skin. The rider is dressed in the popular garb of the country, and carries a belt of cartridges around his waist and a large revolver, a lasso and a breech-loading rifle on one side and a long sheathed sword on the other. In his appearance and mode of life among his peon subjects he might be thought a fine representation of a feudal lord of the middle ages. To look at, he appears a formidable object, yet he is not at all dangerous, neither in peace nor war. His sons, following in his footsteps, are the would-be Mexican knights of modern times, but their race is nearly run, and until this much tended but sickly flower of ancient ancestry can find a more congenial clime in which to bud and bloom, it must soon fade and die from the sheer neglect and cruel treatment it continues to receive from the foreign tribes of the north.

The Human Family.

The human family living on earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less, probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface, so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where he was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000,000, densely crowded; on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded, but everywhere dense, and at points over-populated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race, 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,000,000 are semi-clothed, covering interior parts of the body; 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race, 500,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishing; 260,000,000 have nothing that can be called a home, are barbarous and savage. The range is from the topmost round—the Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The portion of the race lying below the line of human condition is at the very least three-fifths of the whole, or 900,000,000.

Important to Merchant Tailors.

M. von Keller & Co., successors to Keller & Ruhl, at the old Cloth House, corner Ann and William Sts., New York city, are doing an extensive business by means of furnishing to the Merchant Tailoring trade throughout the United States, complete sample collections of their Woolens in season, and receiving and executing orders received through the samples. Whenever a style has been sold out, they notify their customers to that effect, so that the parties holding their samples are always properly informed as to which styles they can offer to their patrons. The Merchant Tailor is thus placed in a position to show a large variety of styles without encumbering himself with a large stock. We understand that any Merchant Tailor desiring such collection of samples can have same sent free of charge. Address Messrs. M. von Keller & Co.

Sam Patch.

Recently I met General E. E. Duncan, of Detroit, Mich., and although looking fresh and young for one of his years, he is probably not quite as spry as when he was a boy here away back in the twenties, writes a metropolitan contributor of the Rochester (N. Y.) *Post Express*. He left Rochester in '36 for the land of big 'skeeters, and for twenty-six years was an engineer on the road between Jersey City and New Brunswick. He had just been looking over Mrs. Parker's "History of Rochester," and was particularly interested in her description of the Sam Patch episodes. He said:

"I saw both of Sam's jumps; the first one was in September, '29, and after swimming ashore he came up to the brink again, and looking at his bear, Cuff, said, 'Where I go, Cuff, you must go.' Then he grabbed him by the nape of the neck and near his tail and threw him over. Cuff came out all right and the next day Sam sold him to John Sears, the hairdresser, who lived on State street, next door to my mother. Sears generally kept three or four bears in his back yard and turned them into bears' oil, which he sold by traveling around the country. He had a bonanza in Cuff, for after his purchase he sold 'Cuff's oil' a good many years, and always carried one of Cuff's paws in his pocket and showed it to the incredulous, to prove that he was selling the genuine Cuff's oil! November 12, '29, Sam issued the hand-bill which Mrs. Parker has inserted in her book, announcing his last leap for the next afternoon. As I was anxious to see fun as any boy could be, I stuck pretty close to him all day, and saw him take the drink of brandy in Cochrane's restaurant; it was one of the big, old fashioned glasses, and he filled it to the brim and tossed it off at one gulp. Then I followed him to the falls, where he had ere ted a twenty-five foot scaffold. The day was very cold and raw, and icicles hung over the brink. Sam waded from the shore to the scaffold, and I rolled up my pants and waded behind him, and as he was about to go up to the scaffold I took his hand and bid him good-bye; I was, therefore, the last person that spoke to him in his life. He made some indistinct remarks, waved his hands, and over he went. When about half way down his head fell on his shoulder; next was a splash in the water, and that was the last of poor Sam Patch. When I afterward moved to Jersey I looked up his history, and found that he was a weaver by trade, very active during the weavers' strike, and quite a speaker. He made his first jump at Pawtucket, R. I., and his next at Paterson, N. J. If the citizens of Rochester ever start a fund to erect a stone over his deserted and almost unknown grave, just this side of Charlotte, I would like to contribute my mite."

Dangerous Counterfeits.

The counterfeit silver dollars seem to be becoming more numerous every day and are causing no end of trouble in the sub-Treasury. There are three different kinds, say the secret service operatives. The most dangerous coins are those bearing the dates of 1879, 1880, and 1881. They are all of the same workmanship, and are correct in size and ring. They stand the acid test very well but are a trifle light, there being a difference in weight between the counterfeit and the genuine of that of a silver five-cent piece. The other counterfeits bear date of 1878, 1884, and 1885 respectively, and are inferior to the others in workmanship, being made in molds instead of dies. They are very deceptive in appearance, however, and fooled Cashier Forest of the post-office, who was willing to wager that one which he presented at the sub-Treasury was good. The cashier stamped it "counterfeit" with his little hammer, all the same.—*Chicago News.*

A huge derrick-pole fell and severely injured the foot of Mechanical Engineer E. R. Hoyt at the New Orleans Exposition, and after only three applications of St. Jacobs Oil, all the pain and swelling disappeared.

AMONG the workmen specially occupied with tar in the Paris Gas Works only three were sick in the course of seven years.

WANTED—The name of the goldsmith who made the welkin ring.

The most astonishingly beneficial results have followed the use of Red Star Cough Cure by those affected with throat and lung troubles. Price, twenty-five cents.

COLOR-BLINDNESS is said to have been first reported in 1777.

THERE are 14,000 licensed drivers of cabs in London.

"What Every One Should Know."

Among the 150 kinds of Cloth Bound Dollar Volumes given away by the Rochester (N. Y.) *American Rural Home* for every $1 subscription to that great 8-page, 48-col., 16-year-old weekly, (all 8x7 inches, from 300 to 900 pages, bound in cloth) are:

Law Without L